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*Remains of Charles Dickinson, D.D., Bishop of Meath. With a Biographical Sketch, by the Rev. J. West, D.D. Fellows.*

"He died before the coming glory reached him," was the burden of the elegy which an Arabian poet composed on the premature death of a warrior of high promise: there is far more mournful import in the words, when the "coming glory" is associated, not with deeds of war, but with the advancement of sound principle, of generous feeling, and of that high form of civilization which connects the exaltation of reverence for the Deity with the advancement of "peace on earth, goodwill towards men." It could hardly be said of Bishop Dickinson that he avoided fame, but assuredly he shrank back from notoriety; with literary powers of a high order, he stamped his name on no standard work, and yet he freely shared his large stores of information with others who had opportunities of bringing his treasures before the public; possessing every requisite to shine as a popular preacher, and living in a city where a popular preacher is even too highly estimated, he confined himself to his proper pulpit, and avoided every opportunity of display; elevated to the office of bishop, his cares were concentrated on his diocese, and it is doubtful whether he could have been forced from his beloved privacy, unless there was a prospect of accomplishing some great good for the church to which he was attached, or the country to which he belonged not less by affection than by birth. We cannot say that he loved "to do good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame;" he did good unostentatiously, and when fame followed he neither blushed nor had cause to blush; for, in a land of violent parties and excited feelings, the fame of a good action is often a heavy trial of courage to accept and of forbearance to endure. The history of such a life, spent in the *fallentis semitæ vite*, can have few incidents likely to interest those who did not enjoy his personal acquaintance. Biography dwells only on the exceptional incidents of human career; deviations from the trodden course alone interest spectators, and the description of unvarying goodness would produce somewhat of the same effect as that which led the Athenian to vote for the banishment of Aristides, because he was weary of hearing him called "the Just."

Dr. West's memoir is too brief to admit of further condensation; and we can only extract from it one passage, equally creditable to the living and the dead:—

"It was in the year 1832, while he still held the Chaplaincy of the Female Orphan House, that he first attracted the special notice of the present Archbishop of Dublin; and the occasion of it deserves to be mentioned, as not only honourable to Mr. Dickinson, but also as characteristic of that distinguished prelate. Mr. Dickinson had never made himself conspicuous by taking a lead in public matters; the thought of obtaining consideration, and making a name amongst his contemporaries, was the last thing that could have ever occurred to a mind so single and so self-forgetting as his. It was not that either indolence, or reluctance to appear prominent, ever deterred him from at once taking any part in public, to which his own judicious sense of what was right prompted him: it was, simply, that he was unimpelled by any motive to action but the ostensible one; and he was quite content that others should carry away the repute of being the actors, in matters where he himself had exercised—often without its being generally perceived—the decisive influence upon the point in question. It was not, accordingly, any distinction of name or position amongst the Clergy that drew

the Archbishop's attention to his merit, but something altogether peculiar in the manner in which he was found discharging the duties of the retired sphere in which he exercised his ministry. On paying an unexpected visit to the Orphan House, the Archbishop found Mr. Dickinson engaged in giving religious instruction to the children, and not choosing that his presence should interrupt the routine of business, he waited, as an auditor, till the usual time of the Chaplain's instructions had concluded. The rare tact and judgment with which Mr. Dickinson adapted his teaching to the capacities of the children, his success in awakening their interest, in retaining their attention, and in calling forth the proper Christian emulation,—that which strives after improvement, for its attainment and not from a spirit of rivalry,—afforded the Archbishop so high a gratification, that he came again and again, till it became at last an habitual appropriation of his Grace's leisure times to be present at these instructions. Thus attracted to him, the Archbishop was led further to observe him in his relation to the Clergy, particularly at public Boards and other meetings for business. And here he found him, though generally far from being conspicuous as the leader, on either side, in points disputed, often warmly, (especially if connected with party), yet holding such a position in the estimation of all parties, as to exercise virtually a most effective influence upon the question; and by his clear, well-timed, and dispassionate observations, and his tact in suggesting the most judicious arrangement of difficulties, to put it into such a shape as to render it easy for the more prominent actors to perceive the nearest approach to a satisfactory result. Although he could hardly have failed to perceive the interest with which the Archbishop so evidently regarded him, he refrained from taking any steps to improve it to his own advantage by seeking occasions of intercourse: it was peculiarly characteristic of him to be slow in seizing opportunities for pushing himself into notice; so much so in this instance, that he had been for a considerable time receiving very marked attentions from the Archbishop without conceiving that they amounted to an invitation to him to make some advances in return; and it was not till his Grace at last good-naturedly remarked to him—"I find I am only to have your acquaintance by taking all the pains myself," that he became a visiter at the palace."

Having become chaplain and private secretary to the Archbishop, Dr. Dickinson entered earnestly into all his Grace's plans for the improvement of the Irish Church and the Irish people. He was a zealous advocate of the system of national education established by Lord Stanley, the success of which has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of all who took a part in its formation; he laboured to secure the establishment of a divinity school in the diocese of Dublin, where candidates for orders might be trained to their practical and ministerial duties, under the superintendence of the Dublin parochial clergy, to whom they could act as assistants,—a plan to which party spirit could have found no objection in any country save Ireland, and which in Ireland itself could not have failed, if an opportunity had been afforded for giving it a fair trial; he took an active share in the Oxford Tract controversy; and he published some powerful pamphlets, advocating a revision of the authorized version of the Scriptures, and such a reform of the Liturgy as might satisfy tender consciences, remove ambiguities, and render the Prayer Book suitable to the altered circumstances of modern times.

We have been much interested by the fragment of a charge which Bishop Dickinson had prepared to deliver, but which his premature death prevented him from completing. The following passage is particularly remarkable:—

"You must have remarked, not merely from your knowledge of general Ecclesiastical History, but also from your study of our own branch of the Christian Church, that each successive age has

exhibited some character peculiar to itself. Some doctrine, or some practice, is firmly grasped at one period of the world, and is then carried beyond the line of truth, into the fields of error. The next age becomes conscious of the error; but, not pausing to discern, at least with sufficient accuracy, the kernel of truth around which it has gathered, flings this away; and, in doing so, becomes hastily committed to errors the opposite to those from which it had just escaped; these, again, are arrested in their progress, examined into, and in their turn are exploded. This oscillation of opinions is exactly what you might expect from human nature. But what I want particularly to call your attention to is,—not simply that there have been such oscillations of opinions, but—that each recurrence of an opposite extreme seems to be marked by something of a peculiar character. The pendulum swings on either side, but when it rushes back, as if it would re-seek its abandoned point of error, it never does attain to its former elevation, but stops short, or is stopped at some new point. It would seem that it is by a process of this kind that Providence meant ultimately to fix us in the position of stability. You will also find, if you examine with attention, that those, to whom you attribute the changes of opinion produced in any age, were, generally speaking, distinguished from their contemporaries by a marked peculiarity of conduct; sometimes by a scrupulous asceticism, which, though it leaves the soul undisciplined, is frequently mistaken by human beings for virtue. Not unfrequently, however, have they exhibited a real and practical excellence. This, being regarded by their contemporaries, as the proper fruit of the opinions which they entertained, was held to be a sufficient proof of the truth of their opinions. It was in this way, rather than by argument, that each new system acquired prevalence. You will sometimes have reason to apprehend, that the peculiarity of conduct was adopted, not for its own sake, but as a help towards obtaining that distinction which is always achieved by the successful advocacy of any system of opinions. In many instances, however, this cannot be said to have been the case. There often was a real excellence of disposition, which induced a separateness of conduct from the general practice of the day, and which, in producing this effect, brought also with it, a tendency to separate from the prevalent opinions. In many instances, this peculiarity of conduct was really the cause of the peculiarity of opinion; but the world looked upon it as the effect, till they were undeceived by further experience; for as time advanced, and each system became established, it was embraced by many, not because they conceived it, on examination, to be true, but because they found it prevalent; and they professed it, without any design that it should influence their conduct. When, in the course of time, the system ceased to be novel, and was discerned not to be influential, it, in turn, gave way to some other system, which had, or seemed to have, attractions which were mistaken for evidences. To illustrate what I have been saying, with respect to changes of opinion;—in the dark and illiterate ages previous to the Reformation, religion took the direction of *outward forms and visible ceremonies*. These were regarded, not as the accompaniments to religion, but as religion itself. To the generality of minds, the term 'religion' conveyed no other meaning than adherence to forms, and the practice of superstitious observances. Nor is it to be expected it should be otherwise. When the world is in a condition intellectually degraded, it may have its attention fixed by a picture, or by some visible symbol; but it is incapable of attaining to abstract conceptions. It may be easily led to admit the sovereignty of some representation of the Deity, having 'a local habitation and a name'; but it does not comprehend, and therefore is not attracted by, the declaration that 'God is a Spirit.' The ages that I speak of, had so little of intellectual or moral culture, that few could appreciate the character of our blessed Saviour; and to say this, is to say they could not appreciate his Gospel. Even in those ages, however, it is delightful to know that there were some few individuals elevated above the general character of their contemporaries. Christ did not leave himself without

witnesses. And we may point back, not only to the lives, but even sometimes to the writings, of these men, as to a light shining in a dark place. They at least furnished the sparks, which served to light the fires that blazed out at the period of the Reformation. The Reformation may be regarded as the struggle and triumph of thought over external ceremony. The truth which our Saviour and his Apostles taught,—that his religion was an internal principle, and not a mere collection of carnal ordinances, was again presented to the world. In accordance with this just conception, the sacred Scriptures were declared to be the only authoritative repository of doctrines essential to salvation; and Tradition, which had usurped the place of Scripture, was again reduced to its proper position. It was no longer received as unquestionably true; neither, on the other hand, was it rejected as necessarily false. Like other human commentaries, it was subjected to the examination of men's judgment, enlightened by scriptural truth, to be adopted or discarded, in each instance, according to the decision of that judgment."

We noticed Bishop Dickinson's pamphlets on Church Reform at the time of their appearance.

*Legends of the Isles, and other Poems.* By Charles Mackay. Blackwood.

THAT Mr. Mackay has skill in lyrical composition—that he possesses fancy capable of romantic invention—and that he can combine the results of these powers in a graceful and poetical narrative, we need no further evidence than that afforded by 'The Salamandrine.' In the present volume he comes before us with more advanced claims, in which, if we meet with less fancy and grace, we find more thought and vigour. The character of these legends and poems is intellectual; their bearing upon historical, political, and moral questions is obvious;—nay, we recognize in their contents rather ostentatious lessons than unobtrusive counsels. It is with mind as with body, in the process of growth; and we must be content to part with some smaller gifts for the sake of the more important compensations by which they are substituted. With one thing, however, Mr. Mackay has not parted—his faith in the life of poetry and the existence of a poetic public, so that it be properly appealed to. Great is his desire also to impart the same belief to his brother bards, for whose comfort in this respect he has written two apologies—one entitled 'The Two Nightingales,' and the other 'The Wanderers by the Sea;' the joint purport of which is a recommendation to treat neglect with indifference, to sing on for the mere love of singing, whether the world will or will not hear;—

For he who singeth from his ample heart,  
Has his reward even in the utterance.

No doubt Mr. Mackay himself has experienced the solace of this;—but does not the need of inculcating it infer a difficulty in reaching the public ear? Truly, a slumber has settled on the popular mind; but perhaps it is only because no poet has appeared as yet with voice sufficiently loud or sweet to awaken the sleeper. That Mr. Mackay's volume will avail to dissipate the lethargy, we cannot hope; but that he has genius capable of better things than the majority of the pieces it contains, we need no other proof than his poem 'The Death of Pan,' which has the true heroic ring in its blank verse, and indicates power both to perceive and in a degree to realize the presence of the sublime;—

*The Death of Pan.*

[In the reign of Tiberius, an extraordinary voice was heard near the Echinades, in the Ægean Sea, which exclaimed, "Great Pan is dead!"—PLUTARCH.]

Behold the vision of the death of Pan.—  
I saw a shadow on the mountain side,  
As of a Titan wandering on the cliffs;  
Godlike his stature, but his head was bent  
Upon his breast, in agony of woe;  
And a voice rose upon the wintry wind,  
Wailing and moaning—"Weep, ye nations, weep!"

Great Pan is dying!—mourn me, and lament!  
My steps shall echo on the hills no more;  
Dumb are mine oracles—my fires are quenched,  
My doom is spoken, and I die—I die!"

The full moon shone upon the heaving sea,  
And in the light, with tresses all unbound,  
Their loose robes dripping, and with eyes downcast,  
The nymphs arose, a pallid multitude;  
Lovely but most forlorn, and thus they sang,  
With voice of sorrow—"Never—never more,  
In these cool waters shall we have our limbs;—  
Never, oh never more! in sportive dance  
Upon these crested billows shall we play;—  
Nor at the call of prayer—o'erburthen'd men  
Appear in answer; for our hour is come;  
Great Pan has fallen, and we die! we die!"

Emerging slowly from the trackless woods,  
And from the umbrageous caverns of the hills,  
Their long hair floating on the rough cold winds;  
Their faces pale; their eyes suffused with tears;  
The Dryads and the Oreads made their moan:—  
"Never, oh never more!" distraught, they cried,  
"Upon the mossy banks of these green woods,  
Shall we make music all the summer's day;—  
Never again at morn or noon or night,  
Upon the flowery award, by fount or stream,  
Shall our light footsteps mingle in the dance;—  
Never again, discoursing from the leaves,  
And twisted branches of these sacred oaks,  
Shall we make answer at a mortal's call!  
Our hour is come, our fire of life is quenched;  
Our voices fade; our oracles are mute;  
Behold our agony;—we die! we die!"  
And as they sang, their unsubstantial forms  
Grew pale and lifeless, and dispersed in air;  
While from the innermost and darkest nooks,  
Deepest embower'd amid those woods antique,  
A voice most mournful echo'd back their plaint,  
And cried—"Oh Mæncy! they die! they die!"

Then pass'd a shadow on the moon's pale disc;  
And to the dust, in ecstasy of awe,  
I bent adoring. On the mountain-tops  
Thick darkness crept, and silence deep as death's  
Pervaded Nature: The wind sank—the leaves  
Forbore to flutter on the bending boughs,  
And breathing things were motionless as stones,  
As earth, revolving on her might, wheel,  
Eclipsed in utter dark the lamp of Heaven;  
And a loud voice, amid that gloom sublime,  
Was heard from shore to sea, from sea to shore,  
Startling the nations at the unwonted sound,  
And swelling on the ear of mariners  
Far tossing on their solitary barks,  
A month's long voyage from the nearest land—  
"Great Pan has fallen, for ever, ever more!"

The shadow pass'd—light broke upon the world;  
And Nature sank, quivering in the beam  
Of a new morning blushing from the East;  
And sounds of music seem'd to fill the air,  
And angel voices to exclaim on high,  
"Great Pan has fallen! and never more his creed  
Shall chain the free intelligence of man.  
The Christ is born, to purify the earth;  
To raise the lowly, to make rich the poor,  
To teach a faith of charity and love.  
Rejoice! rejoice! an error has expired,  
And the new Truth shall reign for evermore!"

The volume is divided into two parts—the first consisting of 'Legends,' the second of 'Songs and Poems.' The first are of an objective character; the poet seeming to seek no deep meanings in the romantic incidents which he embalms in his lyric verse, but to content himself with exhibiting their picturesque effects and more pathetic phases. Of these we especially like 'The Sea-King's Burial,' 'The Eve of Flodden,' 'The Invasion of the Norsemen,' 'The King's Son,' 'The Witch of Skerrievore,' and 'The Shoal of Whales,' some of which are spirited, and all have more than ordinary vigour.

The 'Songs and Poems' are mostly occasional, the best being those which aim at embodying the spirit of the times, and giving utterance to its wants. One of these, entitled 'The Drop of Water,' is ingenious, and has probably a personal reference; but it is too long for complete extract. The first and last two stanzas will explain the idea:—

Alone, amid a million souls,  
Round him the tide of people rolls;  
But lorn and desolate is he,  
None heeding what his lot may be—  
A drop of water in the sea.

Take courage, ye who wander here,  
Lonely and sad, and be of cheer!  
This man, who had no aids to climb,  
But his true heart and soul sublime,  
Lives in the annals of his time.

So, by an ever-wise decree,  
The drop of water in the sea  
Awakens to a glorious birth,  
Becomes a pearl of matchless worth,  
And shines resplendent in the earth.

But we have quoted enough, and now comment the work itself to the thoughtful reader not indisposed to serious themes, even when rhythmically treated.

*Memoirs of the Naval Worthies of Queen Elizabeth's Reign.* By John Barrow, Esq. Murray.

THESE 'Naval Worthies' are seventeen in number, viz. Frobisher, Davis, Gilbert, the two Hawkins, Drake, Oxenham, Fenton, Cavendish, Lord Howard of Effingham, Fenner, Earl of Essex, Raleigh, Earl of Suffolk, Earl of Cumberland, Monson, and Lancaster. How far some of these were "naval" would puzzle wiser heads than ours to decide. How far they were "worthies" is less problematical. At the first glance, a stranger to Mr. Barrow and his book, but no stranger to the men and the period, might rub his eyes to satisfy himself whether he had read the title correctly. Possibly, when he could no longer doubt of it, he might suspect the author to be a wag. He would have much difficulty in believing that the term could be seriously applied to robbers and murderers by profession; to the worst, too, of their "order"—to men whose want of principle and ruffian conduct have ever been the detestation of the honest part of mankind. In this whole array of seventeen names, he would have some hesitation in excepting half a dozen from the censure just passed on them. 'Naval Worthies' indeed! Somebody, we suppose, will shortly give us a new edition of the 'Newgate Calendar' worthies, in which all shall be metamorphosed into men of wisdom and virtue; for many of them have been truly such compared with some of the characters who figure in these 'Memoirs.'

But, it may be said, in this moral view of the question, Mr. Barrow is not worse than his predecessors, and he is therefore no more to be condemned than they. The fact is true; but not so the inference from it. If our notions of right and wrong have made no progress since the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, adieu to all hopes of human improvement. But an improvement has been effected: the public mind of England is higher and purer; its principles are clearer; while its moral sense is more alive to the impulses of right feeling. If this truth be invisible to Mr. Barrow, it is plain enough to others,—at least to that numerous and influential class which has learned to divest itself of ancient prejudice—to acknowledge merit even in an enemy, and moral turpitude in the bravest and most renowned of countrymen and friends. In this respect, Mr. Barrow is subject to a heavier load of responsibility than any of his predecessors, with the exception of Southey; though we doubt if that celebrated man ought to be excepted, for with all his prejudices, his native goodness of heart does sometimes compel him to denounce cruelty and injustice, even in men whom he is too often inclined to worship. The author before us has no such weaknesses: considerations of justice or feeling can seldom draw him into a momentary condemnation of atrocity in any of his "worthies,"—in some of them, never.

If this obliquity in the moral vision were accompanied by new, or clear, or sound views of the conduct and character of these biographical subjects, there would be something to mitigate our dissatisfaction. But, as the author acknowledges in his Preface, all of them are "of a date far anterior to any records that exist among those of the Admiralty," which records, he observes, "with very few exceptions, commence only with the Restoration, when the Duke of York held the office of Lord High Admiral." He has, therefore, no exclusive sources of information. For the basis of his

work he is in and compiler others, "w however, he great public the wealthy. ments in th them into " great objects "The num other manus the public e many years t period of wh documents p they may, at certainly pos the same tim ings of the w idiom of the These " to slumber seem. As f of an index speech has of his thou for their co read the cl especially whose good of obtaini there exist we have an Elizabeth's ings" will mask. Ar were really extant?— In spite of in view (b assume the kindred do been rega large. Or not dispos indications feelings." But we MSS. of th which doe a notice of and Expl [Ath. No. important he had en of Drake' new life o "as he w of Queen properly Worthies ward's M for at pag "Brute E all its pr MS. (con Brute an From to notice, of these " Sir Ma because I discover first wh direction munitati leading who fitt which h be a nor made a Atlantic made a



work he is indebted to those well-known writers and compilers, Camden, Hakluyt, Purchas, and others, "whose ponderous and costly folios," however, he adds, "can only be consulted in great public repositories, or in the libraries of the wealthy." To collect and arrange the fragments in these old authorities, so as to bring them into "one connected view," was one of his great objects. But he had also another:—

"The numerous copies of autograph letters, and other manuscript papers that have not hitherto met the public eye, cannot, I conceive, considering the many years that have passed away since the eventful period of which they treat, fail to be received as documents possessing more than ordinary interest; they may, at least, lay some claim to that which they certainly possess—novelty and originality: while, at the same time, they convey the sentiments and feelings of the writers, expressed in their own vernacular idiom of the age in which they were written."

These "copies" might as well have continued to slumber among the MSS. of the British Museum. As far as we can see, they are not much of an index to the character of the writers. If speech has been given to man for the expression of his thoughts, it has been as often employed for their concealment. To expect that we can read the character of any one from his letters, especially when they are addressed to men whose good opinion, or whose aid, he is desirous of obtaining, is childish. In such cases, unless there exist in the writer higher principles than we have any reason to suspect existed in Queen Elizabeth's adventurers, "sentiments and feelings" will not be conveyed, but covered with a mask. Are they to be found genuine—as they were really felt—in any official correspondence extant?—nay, in any literary correspondence? In spite of themselves, men who have an object in view (be that object interest or vanity), will assume the amiable. And thus it is that the kindred department of autobiography has ever been regarded with distrust by the world at large. On these MS. letters, therefore, we are not disposed to place the slightest reliance as indications of the writers' "sentiments and feelings."

But we cannot dismiss this allusion to the MSS. of the age, without adverting to a subject which does no great credit to Mr. Barrow. In a notice of his former work, 'The Life, Voyages, and Exploits of Admiral Sir Francis Drake,' [Ath. No. 845] we directed his attention to an important MS. in the British Museum, which he had entirely overlooked—Maynard's account of Drake's last voyage. Yet, though there is a new life of Drake in the present volume (since, as he was one of the most distinguished officers of Queen Elizabeth's reign, his name could not properly be omitted in the list of the 'Naval Worthies'), we have reason to believe that Maynard's MS. has not so much as been consulted; for at page 94 of this volume, the blunder about "Brute Brown, the friend of Drake," remains in all its prominence,—though, from Maynard's MS. (confirmed by Hakluyt), we had shown that *Brute* and *Broten* were distinct persons.

From these general observations, we proceed to notice, with brevity, the character and actions of these 'Worthies.'

Sir Martin Frobisher occupies the first place, because he "was the first man who set about to discover a north-west passage to China, and the first who penetrated a strait leading in that direction." The hope of gain by a short communication with India and Cathay, was the leading object with "the well-moneyed men," who fitted out his expeditions. The logic by which he himself was satisfied that there must be a north-west passage is curious. Nature had made a communication between the Southern Atlantic and the Pacific; *argal*, she must have made another between the Northern Atlantic

and the Pacific. The first expedition, consisting of two small barks (35 and 30 tons), sailed from London in May 1576; and in July, of the same year, entered a strait in latitude 63° 8', which he had no doubt was the real opening to the Pacific, though he was then merely off the eastern coast of the vast American continent. On his return in the October of the same year, he had little difficulty in making the Queen, the government, and the people of the same opinion, especially as one of the sailors had brought home a piece of black mineral said to contain gold. In the next expedition, therefore, consisting of three vessels, miners and refiners were not forgotten. It left the following spring, entered the same strait in June, quarrelled wantonly with "the salvages," and returned with about 200 tons of ore, said to contain gold. The third, consisting of fifteen ships, was quite a splendid affair. The newly discovered region was to be colonized,—not for the good of the savages, but for the providing of ore, to be removed by the ships on future occasions. But alas! the ship containing the necessary implements and stores for settling, struck on the ice at the entrance of the strait alluded to (being long called after Frobisher,) and went to the bottom. Having laid in about 1200 tons of the black ore, the ships returned as ignorant of the inland seas as before they set out. What proportion of gold was produced by the ore was never known; but there can be no doubt that it did not pay the expenses of smelting and refining. The cautious Queen withdrew from the enterprise, and even if the Spanish invasion of 1588 had not intervened, (which naturally demanded all our maritime resources,) there would have been no new expedition. The rest of Frobisher's life, until he received the fatal wound in his hip, (1595,) was passed in buccaneering, or in fighting the Spaniards.

The next seaman who ventured to attempt the solution of the north-west passage, was Captain John Davis. In 1585, he discovered the strait which bears his name, and penetrated into what is now probably called Cumberland Sound. His failure did not deter him and his patrons from another attempt the year following; but though he cruised about from the west coast of Greenland, in lat. 67°, to the coast of Labrador, in lat. 56°, where he discovered the inlet which bears his name, he made little addition to geographical science. In his third voyage (1587) he ascended the Greenland coast to lat. 72° 12',—then standing to the south-west, he was unquestionably the first to discover Baffin's Bay.

Passing over the adventure of Sir Humphrey Gilbert to South Newfoundland, we come to Sir John Hawkins, who deserves notice from his laying the foundation of the African slave trade. In 1562, he sailed with three ships to the coast of Guinea; and at Sierra Leone he was so fortunate as to make prisoners "above 300 negroes." With them he sailed to Hispaniola, and speedily sold them at good prices. This success encouraged him, in 1564, to prosecute the adventure on a larger scale. His policy was to land on some part of the coast, proceed to the next village, and capture every man, woman, and child that came in his way. If they were so ill-natured as to resist, he brought them to reason by a few volleys of musketry. But sometimes he paid dearly for his summary mode of doing business. At one place, he lost seven of his men, with twenty-seven wounded, in return for no more than ten negroes. Such checks made him willing to purchase, as well as to capture; and this, in truth, was the more eligible way, seeing that he gave so little for them. Sometimes he had the mortification to find the Spaniards disinclined to purchase from him,—not from a

principle of humanity, but because he was an Englishman. But if they would not trade willingly, he forced them. Thus at Burboroota he landed 100 men, well armed, marched them to the town, and soon "brought the inhabitants to reason." On his return to England, this ruffian was hailed with much applause by the London merchants, to whom he had thus opened a wide and sure path to riches. Even the Queen honoured him with more than one mark of her favour; and being no less fond of money than her loving subjects, she lent him one of her large ships, properly manned, for another expedition. With six ships and two barks, this 'Naval Worthies' sailed in 1567: of course he had the rank of admiral—Drake being one of his captains. Near Cape de Verde he landed 150 of his crew "to hunt down the negroes;" but this time he gained but few. The assailants were wounded by poisoned arrows, and though "the hurts" seemed at first to be "small," yet hardly one of those whose blood had been drawn escaped death. "They died in strange sort, with their mouths shut some ten days before they died." If retributive justice ruled this world, so uniformly and so promptly as is often asserted, not one among them would have escaped this or a worse fate.

"Proceeding along the coast of Guinea, after many difficulties, hard fighting, and loss of men, Hawkins succeeded in getting on board about two hundred more negroes, and completed his living cargoes at a place called St. Jorge de Mina, where we have a specimen of the mode in which this infamous traffic was carried on. It is communicated by Hawkins himself to Hakluyt:—'A negro king asked the assistance of Hawkins against another and neighbouring king, on condition that all the negroes captured should be given to him, the admiral. This tempting bargain was concluded, and 150 Englishmen were armed and landed to assist this black tyrant. They assaulted a town containing 8000 souls, strongly fenced by paling, and so well defended that, in the attack, the English had six slain and forty wounded. More help was called for: 'Whereupon,' says Hawkins, 'considering that the good success of this enterprise might highly further the commodity of our voyage, I went myself; and with the help of the king of our side, assaulted the town both by sea and land; and very hardly, with fire (their houses being covered with palm-leaves) obtained the town, and put the inhabitants to flight; where we took 200 persons, men, women, and children; and by our friend, the king on our side, there were taken 600 prisoners, whereof we hoped to have our choice; but the negro (in which nation is never or seldom found truth) meant nothing less; for that night he removed his camp, so that we were fain to content us with those few that we had gotten ourselves.'"

But if justice was delayed, it was not the less sure. At San Juan de Ulloa, Hawkins provoked the hostilities of the Spaniards, and lost all his ships save one, which was so shattered, that it could be scarcely kept above water. The survivors were divided in opinion what to do. Some were for giving themselves up to the Spaniards; others would prefer the tender mercies of the savages; while the greater portion were for keeping the sea, though without provisions or stores of any kind. In this miserable plight, compelled to live on cats, dogs, and rats, extreme famine forced them to approach a desert coast of the Gulf of Mexico. Though there was no prospect of relief, one hundred men insisted on being landed, and, except three, were no more heard of: the rest succeeded in returning to England. "If all the miseries and troubles," says Hawkins himself, "of this melancholy voyage, were to be completely and thoroughly written, it would require a laborious man with his pen, as much time as the author had, who wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs." A pretty comparison, by the way! Hawkins had had enough of such trials—at least for some time to come; and he



was glad to accept the office of Treasurer of the Navy, which he retained to his death. But he was sometimes called into active service—and that he was usefully and honourably employed in the destruction of the Armada, is undoubted. He died at Puerto Rico, in the disastrous expedition of 1593, of which he was joint admiral with Drake.

Of Sir Francis Drake, we shall say nothing, except that Mr. Barrow is unable to vindicate him in the Doughty case. In vain does he bring forward a MS. (pointed out to his notice by the *Edinburgh Review*,—for he seldom discovers anything himself) relating to the trial and execution of that unfortunate man. He confesses that "it affords but little light." We shall say that if Doughty were condemned and executed on such evidence as this, he was either murdered, or the word should be erased from our dictionaries. After reading that (so called) evidence, it is impossible for any one to doubt that Drake deliberately and systematically effected the destruction of his victim, by means as nefarious as any that were ever adopted in similar atrocities.

The next freebooter (we beg Mr. Barrow's pardon, "Worthy") on our list is Thomas Oxenham, who, in 1575, sailed for the Isthmus of Darien, in a small ship manned by about seventy men. His object was to seize some rich prize by land or sea. On reaching Puerto Bello, he heard that some mules with treasure were expected across the isthmus from Panama. Landing with a small company, and guided by half-a-dozen Indians, he proceeded over that rugged neck of land; but meeting nothing, he built a pinnace on the first river he saw, sailed to the Bay of Panama, went on to the Pearl Islands, and at length was so lucky as to capture two small barks from Quito and Lima, of value sufficient to satisfy his professional expectations, had he been reasonable. But he would have pearls in addition to gold and silver; and in the search he lost so much time, that the Spanish authorities were apprised of his proceedings; and before he could carry his ill-gotten wealth across the Isthmus, he and his party were surprised and defeated,—some being slain, some taken prisoners, while three or four, including Oxenham, escaped. The prisoners of course were executed; they could produce no written authority from the Queen so as to bring their expedition within the pale of legitimate warfare; and a pirate's fate was their righteous portion. It was soon experienced by Oxenham himself, who though one of the most ruffianly of the profession, is pitted by Mr. Barrow, as deserving "a better fate!" We will not dispute with him on his peculiar moral notions of retribution; and shall only express our own conviction that the gallows never performed a better deed.

Omitting all notice of Fenton, whose career offers nothing to interest us, we come to a prime "Worthy," Cavendish,—one whose atrocities were so flagrant that even Mr. Barrow condemns him. Whether brutality or treachery or cruelty predominated in this hero, would be hard to determine. Having equipped three vessels for plunder anywhere, but especially in the Spanish possessions, he landed at Sierra Leone, and burnt a hundred and fifty houses. Not liking this summary mode of treatment, the natives shot poisoned arrows, and one of the pirates was killed. In revenge, he destroyed another town, and proceeded towards Patagonia. Disdaining to take on board about eighteen famishing Spaniards, the remnant of a colony established near the Straits of Magellan three years before, (for what profit could be expected in saving their lives?) he navigated the coast of Chili, Peru, and New Spain, where, according to his own confession, he "burnt and sunk nineteen

sail," and plundered and burnt every town and village that fell in his way. The booty acquired in this expedition being soon dissipated, he embarked in a second, from which he never returned.

The exploits of Sir Richard Hawkins, son of Sir John, have nothing attractive for our readers, though they may be consulted with advantage by the maritime geographer. Those of Lord Howard of Effingham (afterwards Earl of Nottingham), Lord High Admiral of England during a momentous period of our history, belong to the history of England. The same may be said of Captain Thomas Fenner, who so long, so usefully, and so successfully served under the noble lord. The Earl of Essex, so famous for his connexion with "the virgin queen," and for his melancholy, though justly-merited end, occupies, as might be expected, a prominent place in this collection. It is somewhat odd that so discerning a princess as Elizabeth should uniformly select for her personal favourites the weakest or the most worthless of her courtiers;—she, who exhibited such penetration in the choice of her public servants. The talents of Essex were about on a level with his principles; and, like the Earl of Leicester, his only recommendation was a showy person. In the few public occasions in which he was employed, there was almost uniform failure, and he the sole cause of it. Relying on the impression which he made upon the Queen—a strange result at her age!—he was generally rash and ungovernable,—always imprudent. The story of the ring is properly rejected by Mr. Barrow; and we may well feel surprised that it should have ever found its way into grave history. The silence of Camden, and the contempt thrown upon it by Lord Clarendon, might have prevented more recent writers from lending it the weight of their names.

Of Sir Walter Raleigh, whose life has not been written with anything like the requisite information, we have a lower opinion than Mr. Barrow, or, indeed, most writers of the day, who seem to have been strangely warped in their judgment towards him. It is difficult to account for the sympathy shown by almost everybody in his favour. In his early manhood, he was merely the trifling courtier,—who, however, had tact enough to take advantage of Elizabeth's known fondness of flattery. Whether the adventure of the cloak be true or false, it suited his taste much better than fighting with the Spaniards: he was not present with the fleet during the operations against the Armada in 1588; nor did he join the expedition to Portugal under Drake and Norris. How little his relish for privation of any kind, may be inferred from his unmanly complaints during the expedition to the Orinoco, which in reality owed its origin and consequent failure to his misrepresentations. At a later period of life, he was noted for dissimulation. Indeed, immediately after his return from the Spanish Main, he published a book for the express purpose of imposing on his countrymen. "It was," says Hume, "full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind." He had drawn his patrons and friends into heavy expense by his projects; and, to escape their indignation, he must support his former lies by new ones. Owing to his flattery, he obtained the command of a ship in the expedition against Cadiz; and he took good care to enrich himself for the time. On his return, he laboured to obtain the Queen's good graces, which he had lost partly by his marriage, and partly by acts of imprudence. He succeeded so far as to be sent out under Lord Essex in the expedition to the Azores. At Fayal he had the misfortune to quarrel with his general; but Essex was soon

induced to pardon him, though he never pardoned Essex. This is proved by his conduct immediately after his return. While professing the warmest friendship for that nobleman, he became in secret his enemy. There is, indeed, a letter extant, in which (while still an outward friend) he exhorts Sir Robert Cecil to put Essex out of the way,—an instance of duplicity that has few parallels, we hope, even in Court profligacy. That he had any active participation in Lord Cobham's conspiracy, we, of course, do not believe; but it is evident that he had a knowledge of something which he ought to have laid before the government of James. His twelve years' confinement in the Tower had less influence on him than might have been hoped; for he was still an advocate for that most romantic scheme, the settlement of Guiana. It was a scheme no less guilty, as the territory belonged to Spain, with which the English were at peace. The details of his last mad expedition are well known; and so is his tragical end. If, however, he deserved his fate, it was not for the pretended conspiracy, which was the ostensible cause of it, but for his recent aggressions on an ally. Legally, his case was invested with difficulties; and where doubt existed, it should have led to his acquittal. If this be admitted; and if the conduct of his sovereign towards him was weak and objectionable in other respects, that does not palliate his guilt. Instead of suffering from an unjust conviction, he should have been arraigned for crimes of which he was guilty; and no doubt he would have been so, but for dread of a disclosure which must seriously have compromised James with the court of Spain. But posterity is bound by no such trammels as those which affected Raleigh and his contemporaries; and while we cannot excuse the monarch, we cannot absolve his celebrated subject,—celebrated, in our opinion, beyond his deserts.

Into the lives and characters of Thomas Howard, Earl of Suffolk, and George Clifford, Earl of Cumberland, we shall not enter. They are public men, and their actions form a portion of English history. The exploits of Sir William Monson are, in like manner, inseparable from our naval history. Those of Lancaster, who opened the trade between London and the East Indies, by way of the Cape of Good Hope, have little interest for the general reader.

From the official situation of Mr. Barrow at the Admiralty, it might have been supposed that he would have made, if not important, at least useful, contributions to our naval history. If the archives of his own office contained little that were valuable, he might have supplied the deficiency from other sources of easy access. But he has given no additional information worthy of the name. Not only has he neglected MS. sources which were indispensable for the satisfactory execution of his task, but he has turned to little advantage the copious printed materials which lay before him. His manner, too, is dry and spiritless, and his style singularly inelegant.

*Lands Classical and Sacred.* By Lord Nugent. 2 vols. Knight.

*The Holy City.* By the Rev. G. Williams. Parker.

'The Holy City,' and the second volume of Lord Nugent's work, consist, for the most part, of a defence of those traditions of Palestine by which the localities of sacred events have been fixed, against the exposure made of their insufficiency as evidence in Dr. Robinson's 'Biblical Researches.' It would be neither profitable nor instructive to enter into a detailed examination of the testimonies given in favour of each locality; but it may be well to inquire, generally, whether the traditions have any marks or external signs

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of truth which entitle them to be received as authorities, or whether they are presented under circumstances of suspicion such as would justify the exercise of caution, if not scepticism.

In the first place we have to remark, that these traditions enter into details not likely to have been preserved by such means. Take, for instance, the birth-place of Christ at Bethlehem and the field of the shepherds, for the identity of which Lord Nugent strenuously contends. Now the residence of Joseph and Mary at Bethlehem was very brief; there is no evidence that they had any connexions or acquaintance in the town, and they do not appear to have ever revisited it. Granting that the visit of the Wise Men and the vision of the shepherds might have excited attention, it must be remembered that thirty years elapsed before these events were in any way associated with the appearance of the promised Messiah; and even when Jesus began to teach and to preach he was generally regarded as a native of Nazareth not of Bethlehem. There would have consequently been no reason why the inhabitants of Bethlehem should have preserved traditional reverence for the manger unless they had traditional knowledge identifying the miraculous child with the great prophet whose career began thirty years later; and so far is there from our having any evidence of such knowledge being preserved, that all the sacred records seem to indicate the direct contrary.

If the traditions are to be received as evidence for the identity of the localities, they must be equally valid for the authenticity of the relics. There is precisely the same evidence for the identity of the place where the manger stood, and for the actual preservation of the manger itself; there is precisely the same amount of testimony for the site of the holy sepulchre and the wood of the true cross. In fact, if we once admit that the traditions of the fourth century are entitled to respect, we must, in all logical consistency, accept them in the mass; but Lord Nugent, without hesitation, rejects a portion as legendary or even fraudulent, while he demands that the remaining portion should be received as authority. He says that the traditions are to be taken as evidence which are "in accordance with any scriptural probability," but he does not define this new canon of criticism; he does not declare whether we are to look to Scripture for direct confirmation, or for the mere absence of negation. Now it does not appear from the Acts of the Apostles, or from any of the Epistles, that the apostles and first disciples paid any kind of attention either to the sepulchre or the place of crucifixion; we have no record of their having had any commemorative meetings at either locality, so as to continue the traditional evidence of identity from the period of the resurrection to the destruction of Jerusalem. That destruction we know to have been so complete as to render it difficult to ascertain the identity of places, of which ample descriptions detailing the natural landmarks have been preserved.

We do not wish to enter further into this controversy; it involves no one point of importance to the Christian faith, and is, in fact, little better than a matter of mere curiosity. It is sufficient for us to show that the traditions fail at the very point where their validity can alone be established; they fail to connect the localities of Christ's birth with anything that would have preserved a knowledge of their identity even during Christ's life; and they fail to show that any attention was paid to the localities of the crucifixion and resurrection during the apostolic age.

The mere narrative part of Lord Nugent's work is pleasantly written, but we have of late had so many of a like character relating to the same countries that we cannot dwell on the subject. One passage, however, is of importance,

as putting an end to the silly nonsense which so many travellers have given currency to, about the wonderful powers of the magicians of Cairo; nonsense which has been adduced as evidence in support of the worse than nonsense of mesmeric clairvoyance. Amongst those who have given countenance to these foolish stories is our distinguished countryman Mr. Lane, a European authority on all matters relating to Egypt. Fortunately Mr. Lane was present on the occasion to which Lord Nugent refers, and Abdel Kader, his own pet knave, was the performer. Hear the result:—

"The failures, the repeated and uniform failures, were not only as signal, but, if possible, more gross than those of the other magician on the previous occasion. It is enough to say, that not one person whom Abdel Kader described bore the smallest resemblance to the one named by us; and all those called for were of remarkable appearance. All the preparations, all the ceremony, and all the attempts at description, bore evidence of such coarse and stupid fraud, as would render any detail of the proceeding, or any argument tending to connect it with any marvellous power, ingenious art, or interesting inquiry, a mere childish waste of time. How, then, does it happen that respectable and sensible minds have been staggered by the exhibitions of this shallow impostor? I think that the solution which Mr. Lane himself suggested as probable is quite complete. When the exhibition was over, Mr. Lane had some conversation with the magician, which he afterwards repeated to us. In reply to an observation of Mr. Lane's to him upon his entire failure, the magician admitted that he had been told he had 'often failed since the death of Osman Effendi'—the same Osman Effendi whom Mr. Lane mentions in his book as having been of the party on every occasion on which he had been witness to the magician's art, and whose testimony the 'Quarterly Review' cites in support of the marvel, which (searching much too deep for what lies very near indeed to the surface) it endeavours to solve by suggesting the probability of divers complicated optical combinations. And, be it again observed, no optical combinations can throw one ray of light upon the main difficulty,—the means of producing the resemblance required of the absent person. I now give Mr. Lane's solution of the whole mystery, in his own words, my note of which I submitted to him and obtained his ready permission to make public in any way I might think fit. This Osman Effendi, Mr. Lane told me, was a Scotchman formerly serving in a British regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Egyptian army during our unfortunate expedition to Alexandria in 1807; that he was sold as a slave, and persuaded to abjure Christianity and profess the Mussulman faith; that, applying his talents to his necessities, he made himself useful by dint of some little medical knowledge he had picked up on duty in the regimental hospital; that he obtained his liberty, at the instance of Sheikh Ibrahim (M. Burkhardt), through the means of Mr. Salt; that, in process of time, he became second interpreter at the British consulate; that Osman was very probably acquainted, by portraits or, otherwise, with the general appearance of most Englishmen of celebrity, and certainly could describe the peculiar dresses of English professions, such as army, navy, or church, and the ordinary habits of persons of different professions, in England; that, on all occasions when Mr. Lane was witness of the magician's success, Osman had been present at the previous consultations as to who should be called to appear, and so had probably obtained a description of the figure when it was to be the apparition of some private friend of persons present; that on these occasions he very probably had some pre-arranged code of words by which he could communicate secretly with the magician. To this must be added that his avowed theory of morals on all occasions was, that 'we did our whole duty if we did what we thought best for our fellow creatures and most agreeable to them.' Osman was present when Mr. Lane was so much astonished at hearing the boy describe very accurately the person of M. Burkhardt, with whom the magician was unacquainted, but who had been Osman's patron; and Osman also knew well the other gentle-

man whom Mr. Lane states in his book that the boy described as appearing ill and lying on a sofa; and Mr. Lane added that he had *probably* been asked by Osman about that gentleman's health, whom Mr. Lane knew to be then suffering under an attack of rheumatism. He concluded therefore by avowing that there was no doubt on his mind, connecting all these circumstances with the declaration the magician had just made, that Osman had been the confederate. Thus I have given, in Mr. Lane's words, not only with his consent, but at his ready offer, what he has no doubt is the explanation of the whole of a subject which he now feels to require no deeper inquiry, and which has been adopted by many as a marvel upon an exaggerated view of the testimony that he offered in his book before he had been convinced, as he now is, of the imposture. I gladly state this on the authority of an enlightened and honourable man, to disabuse minds that have wandered into serious speculation on a matter which I cannot but feel to be quite undeserving of it."

So there is an end of Abdel Kader, the wonderful magician! Yet, after all, the fellow was a modest rogue compared to some of our own home-bred! Pity that all who have been imposed on have not the moral courage of Mr. Lane.

Servia. By A. A. Paton, Esq. Longman & Co.

LAST year we noticed Mr. Paton's pleasant book, the 'Modern Syrians.' Since then he has become somewhat weary of the East, with its blue sky, yellow sands and sleepy *narghiles*, and in his route homewards, has passed through the highlands and woodlands of young Servia, where we are pleased to accompany him. But it is not every charming country that will supply materials for a lively book of travels. The primitive woodlands of Servia must have charms for the tourist who carries with him a poet's feeling and a painter's eye; but the very character of their secluded beauties, remote from stirring life, must recommend them rather to the artist's sketch-book than the traveller's pen. However, Mr. Paton has done well in selecting ground still unhackneyed—not yet trodden into commonplace. In our day, when an American preacher (as our traveller tells) goes from Boston to Jerusalem, not to rhapsodize *à la Chateaubriand*, but to restore the tone of a larynx strained by too lavish declamation, it is something to find a country where the traveller can still create a sensation, and this Mr. Paton has done, as the following scene tells:—

"Going out to the *makad*, I perceived yesterday's assembly of merry-making peasants quadruped in number, and all dressed in their holiday costume, thickset on their knees down the avenue to the church, and following a noble old hymn. I sprang out of the postern, and, helping myself with the grasp of trunks of trees, and bared roots and bushes, clambered up one of the sides of the hollow, and attaining a clear space, looked down with wonder and pleasure on the singular scene. The whole pit of this theatre of verdure appeared covered with a carpet of white and crimson, for such were the prevailing colours of the rustic costumes. When I thought of the trackless solitude of the sylvan ridges round me, I seemed to witness one of the early communions of Christianity, in those ages when incense ascended to the Olympic deities in gorgeous temples, while praise to the true God rose from the haunts of the wolf, the lonely cavern, or the subterranean vault. When church service was over I examined the dresses more minutely. The upper tunic of the women was a species of surcoat of undyed cloth, bordered with a design of red cloth of a finer description. The stockings in colour and texture resembled those of Persia, but were generally embroidered at the ankle with gold and silver thread. After the mid-day meal we descended, accompanied by the monks. The lately crowded court-yard was silent and empty. 'What,' said I, 'all dispersed already?' The superior smiled, and said nothing. On going out of the gate, I paused in a state of slight emotion. The



whole assembled peasantry were marshalled in two rows, and standing uncovered in solemn silence, so as to make a living avenue to the bridge. The Igoumen then publicly expressed the pleasure my visit had given to the people, and in their name thanked me, and wished me a prosperous journey, repeating a phrase I had heard before: 'God be propitious that Serbia has at length seen the day that strangers come from afar to see and know the people!' I took off my fez, and said, 'Do you know, Father Igoumen, what has given me the most pleasure in the course of my visit?' Ig. 'I can scarcely guess.' Author. 'I have seen a large assembly of peasantry, and not a trace of poverty, vice, or misery; the best proof that both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities do their duty.' The Igoumen, smiling with satisfaction, made a short speech to the people. I mounted my horse; the convent bells began to toll as I waved my hand to the assembly, and 'Sretaj poot!' (a prosperous journey!) burst from a thousand tongues. The scene was so moving that I could scarcely refrain a tear."

Our tourist prudently abstains from long and laboured descriptions. He must often have longed to seize the brush, and dash off a landscape in a few strokes; but there are scenes in Serbia equally beyond the reach of the pen and the palette;—for instance, the prospect from the Kopaonik hill, which Mr. Paton thus suggests to us:—

"A gentle wind skimmed the white straggling clouds from the blue sky. Warmer and warmer grew the sunlit valleys; wider and wider grew the prospect as we ascended. Balkan after Balkan rose on the distant horizon. Ever and anon I paused and looked round with delight; but before reaching the summit I tantalized myself with a few hundred yards of ascent, to treasure the glories in store for the pause, the turn, and the view. When, at length, I stood on the highest peak, the prospect was literally gorgeous. Serbia lay rolled out at my feet. There was the field of Kosovo, where Amurath defeated Lasar and entombed the ancient empire of Serbia. I mused an instant on this great landmark of European history, and following the finger of an old peasant, who accompanied us, I looked eastwards, and saw Deligrad—the scene of one of the bloodiest fights that preceded the resurrection of Serbia as a principality. The Morava glistened in its wide valley like a silver thread in a carpet of green, beyond which the dark mountains of Rudnik rose to the north, while the frontiers of Bosnia, Albania, Macedonia, and Bulgaria walled in the prospect. 'Nogo Svet.—This is the whole world,' said the peasant, who stood by me. I myself thought, that if an artist wished for a landscape as the scene of Satan taking up our Saviour into a high mountain, he could find none more appropriate than this. The Kopaonik is not lofty; not much above six thousand English feet above the level of the sea. But it is so placed in the Serbian basin, that the eye embraces the whole breadth from Bosnia to Bulgaria, and very nearly the whole length from Macedonia to Hungary."

Travelling, on the whole, is tolerably safe in Serbia, and requires no great capacity for "roughing it;" but there are places where Oriental notions of a traveller's purposes still prevail, as at Novibazar:—

"The castle was on the elevated centre of the town; and the town sloping on all sides down to the gardens, was as nearly as possible in the centre of the plain. When we had sufficiently examined the carved stone kaouks and turbans on the tomb-stones we re-descended towards the town. A savage-looking Bosnian now started up from behind a low out-house, and trembling with rage and fanaticism began to abuse us: 'Giaours, kafirs, spies! I know what you have come for. Do you expect to see your cross planted some day on the castle?' The old story, thought I to myself; the fellow takes me for a military engineer, exhausting the resources of my art in a plan for the reduction of the redoubtable fortress and city of Novibazar. 'Take care how you insult an honourable gentleman,' said the over-riding; 'we will complain to the Bey.' 'What do we care for the Bey?' said the fellow, laughing in the exuberance of his impudence. I now stopped, looked him

full in the face, and asked him coolly what he wanted. 'I will show you that when you get into the bazaar,' and then he suddenly bolted down a lane out of sight. A Christian, who had been hanging on at a short distance, came up and said: 'I advise you to take yourself out of the dust as quickly as possible. The whole town is in a state of alarm; and unless you are prepared for resistance, something serious may happen: for the fellows here are all wild Arnauts, and do not understand travelling Franks.'"

Here is a pleasant little picture, suggesting the character of scenery to be found on the banks of the Drina:—

"At Liubovia the hills receded, and the valley was about half a mile wide, consisting of fine meadow land with thinly scattered oaks, athwart which the evening sun poured its golden floods, suggesting pleasing images of abundance without effort. This part of Serbia is a wilderness, if you will, so scant is it of inhabitants, so free from anything like inclosures, or fields, farms, labourers, gardens, or gardeners; and yet it is, and looks like a garden in one place, a trim English lawn and park in another: you almost say to yourself, 'The man or house cannot be far off: what lovely and extensive grounds! Where can the hall or castle be hid?'"

We must now turn from the scenery of Serbia to its people and their customs: here the East and the West, the old and the new meet together, or rather maintain their separate forms of existence in the country. While, in Belgrade, the trading German, the *State Gazette*, so prudent in its political allusions, the Literary Society, and a solitary annual, *The Dove*, recall the mind to Europe, the gipsy-life of the woodlands, and the oriental majesty of the Natchalik (a sort of magistrate in the country), with his divan, chibouque, and wide trousers, remind us of the East. There is a little too much of the East in the estimation of woman in Serbia at the present day. In former times it was barbarous:—

"Through all the interior of Serbia, the female is reckoned an inferior being, and fit only to be the plaything of youth and the nurse of old age. This peculiarity of manners has not sprung from the four centuries of Turkish occupation, but appears to have been inherent in old Slavie manners, and such as we read of in Russia, a very few generations ago; but as the European standard is now rapidly adopted at Belgrade, there can be little doubt that it will thence, in the course of time, spread over all Serbia. Another of the old customs of Serbia was sufficiently characteristic of its lawless state. Abduction of females was common. Sometimes a young man would collect a party of his companions, break into a village and carry off a maiden. To prevent recapture they generally went into the woods, where the nuptial knot was tied by a priest *volens volens*. Then commenced the negotiation for a reconciliation with the parents, which was generally successful; as in many instances the female had been the secret lover of the young man, and the other villagers used to add their persuasion, in order to bring about a pacific solution. But if the relations of the girl made a legal affair of it, the young woman was asked if it was by her own will that she was taken away; and if she made the admission then a reconciliation took place; if not, those concerned in the abduction were fined. Kara Georg put a stop to this by proclamation, punishing the author of an abduction with death, the priest with a dismissal, and the assistants with the bastinado."

Other national customs, still remaining, are of a more pleasing character:—

"Such are the customs that have just disappeared; but many national peculiarities still remain. At Christmas, for instance, every peasant goes to the woods, and cuts down a young oak; as soon as he returns home, which is in the twilight, he says to the assembled family, 'A happy Christmas eve to the house;' on which a male of the family scatters a little grain on the ground and answers, 'God be gracious to you, our happy and honoured father.' The housewife then lays the young oak on the fire, to which are thrown a few nuts and a little straw, and the evening ends in merriment. Next day, after

divine service, the family assemble around the dinner table, each bearing a lighted candle; and they say aloud, 'Christ is born: let us honour Christ and his birth.' The usual Christmas drink is hot wine mixed with honey. They have also the custom of First Foot. This personage is selected beforehand, under the idea that he will bring luck for him for the ensuing year. On entering the First Foot says, 'Christ is born!' and receives for answer, 'Yes, he is born!' while the First Foot scatters a few grains of corn on the floor. He then advances and stirs up the wood on the fire, so that it crackles and emits sparks; on which the First Foot says, 'As many sparks so many cattle, so many horses, so many goats, so many sheep, so many boors, so many bee hives, and so much luck and prosperity.' He then throws a little money into the ashes, or hangs some hemp on the door; and Christmas ends with presents and festivities. \* \* One of the most extraordinary customs of Serbia is that of the Dodola. When a long drought has taken place, a handsome young woman is stripped, and so dressed up with grass, flowers, cabbage and other leaves, that her face is scarcely visible; she then, in company with several girls of twelve or fifteen years of age, goes from house to house singing a song, the burden of which is a wish for rain. It is then the custom of the mistress of the house at which the Dodola is stopped to throw a little water on her. This custom used also to be kept up in the Serbian districts of Hungary, but has been forbidden by the priests."

Mr. Paton makes no addition to our knowledge of Serbian minstrelsy, nor does he tell us much of the religious aspect of the country. From all that we know of the Greek clergy, we fear they are not fitted to help a rising country. There is something in the following scene with the phlegmatic monk which suggests a decaying future for men of his class, unless they bestir themselves, and become the real helpers of the people:—

"A fat, feeble-voiced, lymphatic-faced Superior, leaning on a long staff, received us; but the conversation was all on one side, for 'Blagodarim' (I thank you), was all that I could get out of him. After reposing a little in the parlour, I came out to view the church again, and expressed my pleasure at seeing so fair an edifice in the midst of such a wilderness. The Superior slowly raised his eyebrows, looked first at the church, then at me, and relapsed into a frowning interrogative stupor; at last, suddenly rekindling as if he had comprehended my meaning, added 'Blagodarim' (I thank you). A shrewd young man, from a village a few miles off, now came forward just as the Superior's courage picked him on to ask if there were any convents in my country; 'Very few,' said I. 'But there are,' said the young pert Serbian, 'a great many schools and colleges where useful sciences are taught to the young, and hospitals, where active physicians cure diseases.' This was meant as a cut to the reverend Far niente. He looked blank, but evidently wanted the boldness and ingenuity to frame an answer to this redoubtable innovator. At last he gaped at me to help him out of the dilemma. 'I should be sorry,' said I, 'if any thing were to happen to this convent. It is a most interesting and beautiful monument of the ancient kingdom of Serbia; I hope it will be preserved and honourably kept up to a late period.' 'Blagodarim' (I am obliged to you), said the Superior, pleased at the Gordian knot being loosed, and then relapsed into his apathy, without moving a muscle of his countenance."

To turn from the cure of souls to that of bodies, we might not expect to find English quackery in a town on the Danube, with such a name as Pancsova; but even there the belief in gambouge, as the "*elixir vite*," had penetrated:—

"The major of the town, after swallowing countless boxes of Morison's pills, died in the belief that he had not begun to take them soon enough. The consumption of these drugs at that time almost surpassed belief. There was scarcely a sickly or hypochondriac person, from the Hill of Presburg to the Iron Gates, who had not taken large quantities of them. Being curious to know the cause of this extensive consumption, I asked for an explanation,

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'You must know,' said an individual, 'that the Anglomania is nowhere stronger than in this part of the world. Whatever comes from England, be it Congreve rockets or vegetable pills, must needs be perfect. Dr. Morison is indebted to his high office for the enormous consumption of his drugs. It is clear that the president of the British College must be a man in the enjoyment of the esteem of the government and the faculty of medicine; and his title is a passport to his pills in foreign countries.' I laughed heartily, and explained that the British College of Health, and the College of Physicians, were not identical."

To turn to something rather more closely connected with health and long life—Mr. Paton gives us the following account of Servian agriculture:—

"Upon the whole, it must be admitted, that the peasantry of Servia have drawn a high prize in the lottery of existence. Abject want and pauperism is nearly unknown. In fact, from the great abundance of excellent land, every man with ordinary industry can support his wife and family, and have a large surplus. The peasant has no landlord but the Sultan, who receives a fixed tribute from the Servian government, and does not interfere with the internal administration. The father of a family, after having contributed a *maximum* tax of six dollars per annum, is sole master of the surplus; so that in fact the taxes are almost nominal, and the rent a mere peppercorn; the whole amounting on an average to about four shillings and sixpence per caput per annum. A very small proportion of the whole soil of Servia is cultivated. Some say only one sixth, others only one eighth; and even the present mode of cultivation scarcely differs from that which prevails in other parts of Turkey. The reason is obvious: if the present production of Servia became insufficient for the subsistence of the population, they have only to take in waste lands; and improved processes of agriculture will remain unheeded, until the population begins to press on the limits of the means of subsistence; a consummation not likely to be brought about for many generations to come. Although situated to the south of Hungary, the climate and productions are altogether northern. I never saw an olive-tree in Servia, although plentiful in the corresponding latitudes of France and Italy (43°—44° 50'); but both sorts of melons are abundant, although from want of cultivation not nearly so good as those of Hungary. The same may be said of all other fruits except the grapes of Semendria, which I believe are equal to any in the world. The Servians seem to have in general very little taste for gardening, much less in fact than the Turks, in consequence perhaps of the unsurpassed beauty and luxuriance of nature. The fruit-tree which seems to be the most common in Servia is the plum, from which the ordinary brandy of the country is made. Almost every village has a plantation of this tree in its vicinity. Vegetables are tolerably abundant in some parts of the interior of Servia, but Belgrade is very badly supplied. There seems to be no kitchen gardens in the environs; at least I saw none. Most of the vegetables as well as milk come from Semlin. The harvest in August is the period of merriment. All Servian peasants assist each other in getting in the grain as soon as it is ready, without fee or reward; the cultivator providing entertainment for his laborious guests. In the vale of the Lower Morava, where there is less pasture and more corn, this is not sufficient, and hired Bulgarians assist. The innumerable swine which are reared in the vast forests of the interior, at no expense to the inhabitants, are the great staple of Servian product and export. In districts where acorns abound, they fatten to an inconceivable size. They are first pushed swimming across the Save, as a substitute for quarantine, and then driven to Pesth and Vienna by easy stages; latterly large quantities have been sent up the Danube in boats towed by steam."

Our traveller returned to England through Vienna, and concludes his volume with a few remarks on Austria, and its mass of heterogeneous elements held (not blended) together by a smooth-handed policy. Among the various tribes that assemble in Vienna, the Bohemian retains the pre-eminent ingenuity for which Scott gave him credit in 'Quentin Durward':—

"The Bohemians of the middling and poorer classes, have certainly less sincerity and straightforwardness than their neighbours. An anecdote is related illustrative of the slyness of the Bohemians compared with the simple honesty of the German and the candid unscrupulousness of the Hungarian: 'During the late war, three soldiers, of each of these three nations, met in the parlour of a French inn, over the chimney-piece of which hung a watch. When they had gone, the German said, "That is a good watch; I wish I had bought it." "I am sorry I did not take it," said the Hungarian. "I have it in my pocket," said the Bohemian."

"The national railroad scheme of Austria," says Mr. Paton, "is certainly the most splendid effort of the '*tout pour le peuple, rien par le peuple*' system that has been hitherto seen." Even an Austrian poet thus addresses his taunts to those who fear lest railways should level all the world to prose:—

Out with your coach, as in a happier day,  
Harness again your gall'd and spavind team,  
(But keep within the old *rués* all the way)  
And chase your goddess borne away by steam!  
Or man a ship, and every random gust  
Sent from the wind-god catch within your rag,  
As gladly as a beggar some stale crust  
Takes, with a bow, and drops into his bag.  
While I, along the vine-clad, rocky Rhine,  
On a black swan, the steamer, proudly swim,  
And, lifting up a cup of golden wine,  
Sing loudly human art's triumphal hymn.

*Whitehall: or, the Days of Charles I. An Historical Romance.* By the author of 'Whitefriars.' 3 vols. Mortimer.

Burn fire, and caldron bubble!

might be the device of this anonymous author, to judge from the form and colour of his novels. The fever does not run so high, it is true, in 'Whitehall' as in 'Whitefriars'; yet it is still excessive; and till his pulse be sobered, the patient will rather harass, than command, his public. Yet, let us own, that there is something in the days of Charles the First which unsettles steady brains—that there is a mingling of many qualities in Oliver Cromwell (indispensable as foil) to which only a Shakspeare could have done justice. Scott, Victor Hugo, Bulwer, Miss Mitford, have all had a shot at the son of the Huntingdon Brewer; yet not one has hit him: though the lady probably came the nearest. After her, we know not who has conceived the great General better than the author of 'Whitehall.' His Charles, too, is finely toned; being neither quite the hero, nor quite the hypocrite which the partizans on opposite sides have styled him. We are less content with Henrietta Maria. Nor has the romancer shrunk from evoking such personages as George Fox and Milton, to fill the back ground of his canvas. He falls, however, into a too common mistake, in making his "poet blind, yet bold," talk like a printed book. The periods of his discourse are eloquent—but they are not dialogue. The great defect, however, of 'Whitehall' is want of clearness in the conduct of the plot. The thread on which all these brilliant characters and momentous events are accumulated is so looped and twisted, that neither its beginning nor end is clearly discernible, while the grouping of the ornaments themselves is bad and unmeaning. Nine out of ten novel-readers will be worried, from first to last, with perplexities as to the origin and attitude of Ingulph Dethewarre, the hero; there is, also, an awkward confusion betwixt his love for the false Marie, and his pity for the fantastic Ramona, which, by involving his motives and actions, weakens our interest. The latter lady, too, is a creature too exceptional to be thoroughly sympathized with—her husband, the half mad astrologer, is a melo-dramatic caricature. The strong point of the author lies in his arrangement of insulated scenes. The masque at Oxford—and the night in the gaol there,—the trial of

the ill-starred Ramona by the Witchfinders—and the keeping of St. John's Eve in the house of the citizen, may be all referred to, in justification of this praise; one and all display power over form and colour of such value, that we have been induced to dwell all the more emphatically on the author's weaker side, which is uncertainty and entanglement in composition.

*Memoir and Correspondence of George, Lord Lyttelton, from 1734 to 1773.* Compiled and Edited by Robert Phillimore, late Student of Christ Church.

[Second Notice.]

THE death of Thomson stimulated the zeal of Lyttelton for the family of his friend. He brought on the stage the posthumous tragedy of 'Coriolanus,' for which he wrote a good Prologue. But what are we to think of the project announced in the following letter?—

"Hill Street, March 22, 1750.

"Dear Sir,—By the Northampton coach of next week, I shall send Mrs. Doddridge, a new, compleat, and correct edition of Mr. Thomson's works made under my care, which I beg the favour of her to accept as a small mark of my esteem and regard. There is not a line in it which a lady of virtue and modesty may not safely read, which is more than can be said of the works of any other of the English poets, except Milton, Spenser and Addison. You will find this edition much preferable to any of the former, though not entirely free from false prints. Great corrections have been made in the diction, and many redundancies have been cut off, which hurt the spirit, and weak'ned the force of the more sublime and nervous parts; so that upon the whole I am persuaded you will think Mr. Thomson a much better poet, if you take the trouble to read over his works in their present form, than you ever thought him before. Nor will such an amusement mispend your time, for a divine spirit of piety, virtue, and goodness breathes through them all. But if you have not leisure for it yourself, at least, I insist that Mrs. Doddridge and Miss Polly shall read them, and give me their judgment upon them. I beg my compliments to both, and am with unalterable regard, Dear Sir, your most affectionate humble servant,

"G. LYTTELTON."

"I have never been able," observes Mr. Phillimore, "to find any satisfactory reason why it (the edition in question) was never published." Is he *sure* that it was not published? If he examine farther he will find that there is an edition of 1750, and also of 1752, in 4 vols. 12mo. distinguished by some most extraordinary liberties from preceding editions, and especially from that of 1746, superintended by the poet himself. What are we to think of an editor who coolly detaches a whole sheet from 'The Seasons,' and reprints it as a separate poem?—who omits two minor poems altogether?—who does not hesitate to mutilate 'The Castle of Indolence'?—who everywhere takes as much liberty with the text of any of the poems as if he himself were the author? The enormities perpetrated in these two editions of 1750 and 1752 (of the latter one volume only was reprinted, viz. that containing 'The Seasons,' the other three being merely reissued with new titles), are probably unexampled in literary history. If Mr. Phillimore has any difficulty in laying his hands on a copy of the edition of 1746, let him compare those of 1750 and 1752 with Mr. Bolton Corney's edition (Longmans, 1842), and he will find room enough for surprise,—perhaps for a stronger sentiment. We all remember Dr. Johnson's censure of Lyttelton for the mutilation of 'Liberty': what would have been his indignant language had he been acquainted to the full extent with the audacious facts to which we have alluded! To whom but to his presumptuous lordship are we to ascribe the numerous corruptions which during ninety years have disfigured the poet of nature?

The attachment of a much greater man to Lyt-

telton—of Pope, who had no need of pecuniary aid, and who therefore could not be bound by such gratitude, might surprise us, if we did not call to mind two important circumstances: that with all his occasional asperity, the former had no small share of "the milk of human kindness," and that he was always flattered by the attentions of the great. Yet, with every allowance for both, there must have been something in Lyttelton's character to merit such honourable mention as the following:—

Free as young Lyttelton her cause pursue,  
Still true to virtue, and as warm as true.

In a letter to Swift, the poet calls Mr. Lyttelton "a very particular and very deserving friend,—one whom his own merit has forced me to contract an intimacy with, after I had sworn never to love a man more, since the sorrow it cost me to have loved so many now dead, banished, or unfortunate." In the same letter, the heir of Hagley is called "one of the worthiest of the rising generation." And in one to Lyttelton himself—the last from him in the volumes before us—the same attachment is prominent:—

"Bath, November 3, 1741.

"Dear Sir,—I have lately received a letter in which are these words:—'suffer not Mr. Lyttelton to forget me.' It made me reflect I am as unwilling to be forgotten by you, though I do not deserve so well to be remembered on any account, but that of an early, a well-grounded, and (let me add) a well-judged esteem, of you. I do not ask what you are doing; I am sure it is all the good you can do. I do not ask anything but to know that you are well. I see no use to be drawn from the knowledge of any public events: I see most honest men melancholy, and that's enough to make me inquire no more; when I can do anything either to assist, or not assisting to comfort them, I will. But I fear I live in vain, that is, must live only to myself. Yet I feel every day what the Puritans call *outgoings* of my soul, in the concern I take for some of you, which upon my word is a warmer sensation than any I feel in my own and for my own being. Why are you a courtier? Why is Murray a lawyer? It may be well for other people, but what is that to your own enjoyment, to mine? I would have you both pass as *happy* and as satisfied a life as I have done. You will both laugh at this, but I would have you know had I been tempted by nature and Providence, with the same talents that he and you have, I would have done as you do. But if either of you ever become tired or stupid, God send you my quiet and my resignation. I think I've nothing more to say, but to add with how full a heart, I am, dear Sir, ever yours,

A. POPE."

Such letters will do much to confirm Lord Byron's eulogy on the poet's heart. He was certainly very far from being "the wicked wasp of Twickenham" that Lady Montague was pleased to represent him.

Between the death of Pope and Thomson, Lyttelton produced his 'Monody' on the loss of his wife, the most readable, if not the best, of his poetic efforts. Mr. Phillimore attempts to be severe on Johnson for insinuating that deep grief is not verbose,—"he soled his grief by writing a long poem to her memory." "It cannot be doubted," says the present biographer, "that this sentence was meant to convey a sneer; but profoundly ignorant was its writer of the things which belong to a poet's peace, if he thought such exercise of his art inconsistent or incompatible with the most poignant grief." Whether the venerable sage, or the "late Student of Christ Church," be truer to human nature in his opinion,—whether deep grief be silent or verbose,—we shall leave to the reader's decision. The event in question had another, a nobler and a more permanent result, in the 'Dissertation on St. Paul.' The author's mind was now habitually serious. He preferred to meditate on serious subjects, and the society of serious men, such as were his friend West of Wickham, the translator of Pindar, and the eminent dissenting minister, Dr. Doddridge. On

the merit of a book so well known, and so universally praised, it would be useless to dwell. From this time there is a more earnest tone in all that he wrote and said. This is particularly evident in his correspondence with Doddridge, which the religious mind will deem the most interesting portion of the work before us. But we must not forget to add, that whatever his grief, and its consequent seriousness, he married again, in rather more than two years after the death of his "Lucy." The new connexion, however, was doomed to be as unhappy as the former had been the reverse. Among the numerous letters of congratulation which he received on the occasion, we must find room for one from Fielding:—

"Bow Street, Aug. 29th, 1740.

"Sir,—Permit me to bring up the rear of your friends in paying my compliments of congratulation on your late happy nuptials. There may perhaps be seasons when the rear may be as honourable a post in friendship as in war; and if so, such certainly must be every time of joy and felicity. Your present situation must be full of bliss; and so will be, I am confident, your future life, from the same fountain. Nothing can equal the excellent character your lady bears among those of her own sex, and I never yet knew them speak well of a woman who did not deserve their good words. How admirable is your fortune in the matrimonial lottery! I will venture to say, there is no man alive who exults more in this, or in any other happiness that can attend you than myself, and you ought to believe me from the same reason, that fully persuades me of the satisfaction you receive from any happiness of mine; this reason is that you must be sensible how much of it I owe to your goodness; and there is a great pleasure in gratitude, tho' it is second I believe to that of benevolence, for of all the delights upon earth, none can equal the raptures which a good mind feels in conferring happiness on those whom we think worthy of it. This is the sweetest ingredient in power, and I solemnly protest I never wished for power more, than a few days ago, for the sake of a man whom I love, and that more perhaps from the esteem I know he bears you, than from any other reason. This man is in love with a young creature of the most apparent worth, who returns his affections. Nothing is wanting to make two very miserable people extremely blessed, but a moderate portion of the greatest of human evils, so philosophers call it, and so it is called by Divines, whose word is the rather to be taken, as they are, many of them, more conversant with this evil than ever the philosophers were. The name of this man is Moore, to whom you kindly destined that laurel, which tho' it hath long been withered, may not probably soon drop from the brow of its present possessor; but there is another place of much the same value now vacant; it is that of Deputy Licensor to the stage. Be not offended at this hint; for tho' I will own it impudent enough in one who hath so many obligations of his own to you, to venture to recommend another man to your favour, yet impudence itself may possibly be a virtue when exerted on the behalf of a friend: at least, I am the less ashamed of it, as I have known men remarkable for the opposite modesty, possess it without the mixture of any other good quality. In this fault then you must indulge me—for should I ever see you as high in power as I wish, and as it is perhaps more my interest than your own that you should be, I shall be guilty of the like as often as I find a man in whom I can, after much intimacy, discover no want, but that of the evil above mentioned. I beg you will do me the honour of making my compliments to your unknown Lady, and believe me to be with the highest esteem, respect, and gratitude, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,

HENRY FIELDING."

This is a characteristic letter, honourable alike to the writer and the person addressed. Not satisfied with having received so many favours in his own person, the warm-hearted novelist must apply to his benefactor in behalf of others,—a fact sufficiently illustrative of the heir (about, by his father's death, to become the owner) of Hagley. There had long been an acquaintance between the two,—from their school-days in fact.

From another novelist of the day, Lyttelton received very different treatment. The cause and the effect are given by Horace Walpole:—

"Smollett wrote a Tragedy and sent it to Lord (he was then Mr.) Lyttelton, with whom he was not acquainted, Lord Lyttelton not caring to point out its defects civilly advised him to try comedy. He wrote one and solicited the same Lord to recommend it to the stage. The latter excused himself, but promised if it should be acted, to do all the service in his power for the author. Smollett's return was drawing an abusive portrait of Lord Lyttelton in Roderick Random, a novel."

Lyttelton was not alone in this abuse: Garrick and Akenside were equally obnoxious to it. How pitiful the vanity of Smollett compared with the warm-hearted feelings of his far greater rival!

On Lyttelton's other works, his 'History of Henry II.,' 'Dialogues of the Dead,' 'Life of Cicero,' 'Letters,' &c. it is unnecessary to dwell. The first is one-sided, and by no means remarkable for critical acumen. Yet, being the most elaborate of all his works—that on which he was occupied the greater part of his life, and on which he hoped to rest the fabric of his reputation—it has undoubtedly its merits. Of the second, Dr. Johnson observes, that the author sat down "to write a book to tell the world what all his life the world had been telling him." It certainly contains nothing in the shape of novelty: its reflections are common-place, and not always applicable to the characters which are made to utter them. Still, for young readers, the book is not without its uses. The rest of his works are of even less importance.

When we read of the extravagant praises bestowed on the works and genius of Lyttelton by many writers of note (by none so extravagantly perhaps as Beattie, who was also one of his lordship's friends), we are apt to set down the last century as wholly deficient in true taste. But the fault lies in the bias of the writers towards their friend, patron, and benefactor. Filled with gratitude for its kindness towards themselves, they suffered their judgment to be blinded; and no wonder, for the personal qualities of the peer rendered him peculiarly amiable. That his manners were courteous is universally acknowledged; but a higher praise is, that they had their seat in his heart, and were not the mechanical conventionalities of the age. Nor were his attachments transitory; he preserved them to the close of his life. There can be no doubt whatever that he must have possessed very amiable and very excellent qualities, or he would never have so long preserved the esteem and friendship of all the leading men whose acquaintance was worth having. If he had no great genius and no great learning, he was elegant, agreeable, well-informed, and capable of entertaining the best society of his day. In the following paragraph, we agree in substance with Mr. Phillimore:—

"His natural abilities were good; and though not of the highest order, were continually strengthened by careful and unremitting cultivation. His ambition of improvement, springing from a deep sense of the obligations which wealth and station impose upon their possessor, was constant to the hour of his death.—to press forward in the pursuit of knowledge, not diverted from the chase by early success and extravagant admiration of moderate efforts; 'to scorn delights, and live laborious days,' had been the occupation of his life. Its fruits were visible in the variety of his accomplishments, and the fullness of his information upon the subjects to which he had devoted himself. During the course of his life he had maintained an oral or epistolary intercourse with the most celebrated persons of his day, both in England and Europe. Making ample allowance for the language of coterminous flattery, it is impossible to ascribe to that alone the very general estimation in which his opinions were held by all

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who had any pretensions to almost any kind of literature. Nor indeed is the verdict of posterity greatly at variance with the judgment of his own time. Of how few can it be said, that they have left behind them works in History, Poetry, and Divinity, which, after the lapse of nearly a century, maintain an honourable place in the literature of their country? And of how very few, that they combined with success in these pursuits, a laborious and distinguished share in the duties of public life?"

On the manner in which Mr. Phillimore has executed his task, few words will suffice. We have already alluded to the bias which inclines him to view everything in the light most favourable to his subject. This to every reader must be perceptible throughout. At the respect which he feels for his subject we do not wonder: in a greater or less degree it must be felt by the mere reader; and a high degree of it in him may be excused. The sentiment, too, must be deepened by his friendly connexion with the Lyttelton family, who, naturally enough, are proud of their ancestor. In such a position he could hardly resist the influences around him; and in this unconscious partiality we absolve him from moral blame. We cannot, however, overlook his defects. His arrangement is singularly confused; the systematic would have been preferable to the chronological. As it is, his narrative wants both lucidity and connexion.

In conclusion, it is but justice to a living nobleman to observe, that in our remarks on the refusal of the Lyttelton family, "in our own day," to afford a literary gentleman facilities for writing the life of the first peer, we did not allude to his lordship,—the transaction in question having happened several years before his accession to the title.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in Relation to Health and Morals*, by G. Moore, M.D.—This volume deserves more consideration than it is likely to obtain at a time when the material wants of life demand so much more time and attention than at any former period of man's history. If rightly understood, it would lend every one of its readers to cultivate those peaceful, tranquil, amiable feelings, which are always the best safeguards of health, and the necessary handmaids to happiness. It shows us that through the intimate connexion between the mind and body, the former must at all times, and, to an extent inconceivable by the thoughtless, influence the latter; and that, unless this inward principle be disciplined, purified, enlightened, vainly must we look for that harmony between the two so necessary to human enjoyment. The "sana mens in corpore sano" has indeed in all ages been held to be the highest end of man; and the connexion between the two is indispensable for the attainment of the end.—The healthy body must be the result of the healthy mind. In what does the health of mind consist? In the temperate exercise of the intellect, and in the cultivation of the moral virtues. Let these objects be secured, and there can be little difficulty in securing the interests of the body. Temperance and exercise are easy enough; yet when added to the tranquillity of the mind they constitute all that is wanting for our happiness. These are not the adjuncts, they are the essentials. It is "the mind diseased" that gives rise to by far the greater number of the bodily ills "which flesh is heir to"; and, like the muddy fountain, it must be purified before the stream of life can be clear or sweet. All this may appear to some readers as purely imaginative, or at the best as the forced conclusion of some formal moralist. To such we would say, "Read the book, and judge for yourself!"—and weigh the well-attested instances (literally innumerable) of the influence exercised by mind over body. So far indeed has this influence been carried on many occasions as to render the body insensible to pain. Martyrs at the stake, amidst the devouring flames, have held up their hands, and declared that they felt no pain of any kind. If there be any truth in

history, such exemptions from pain have been experienced by the orthodox and heretical in all communities. Men differ as to the cause: one attributes it to a strong faith, no matter whether that faith were true or false; another to intensity of mind or purpose, no matter what the particular kind of intensity has been. Soldiers in battle when dangerously wounded have been for a while not merely insensible to the wound, but ignorant of its infliction,—a fact well known to every old officer. If then the mental energy be (as it indisputably is,) capable of rendering the body insensible to pain, we may readily admit its influence over our ordinary bodily functions. Whatever the nature or the extent of the laws which unite matter and mind, and which reciprocally act upon each other, it is certain that moderate desires, subdued affections, obedient passions, and a will directed to the attainment of some acknowledged good by means worthy of that end, are necessary to bodily health,—as much so even as temperance and exercise. These truths Dr. Moore endeavours to establish by reasoning, or by the evidence of facts.

*An Essay on the Nature and Cause of the Diurnal Oscillations of the Barometer*, by Graham Hutchinson, Esq.—This is an attempt to prove the existence of two atmospheric tides and ebbs in the course of the twenty-four hours, and to account for them by a theory founded on the orbital and rotatory motions of the earth, acting in opposition to each other, at all periods of the twenty-four hours, excepting at 6 o'clock, a.m. and p.m. It appears tolerably certain, that a degree of constancy prevails in the periods of the day, at which the atmospheric pressure exerts its maximum and minimum power, and the wave of barometric oscillation certainly assumes a tidal character. Although the author's theory does not appear to us to be a satisfactory one, his essay contains much valuable and curious information. The science of meteorology is receiving increased attention from all classes of observers, and a good practical essay is valuable at this time, and as such we recommend the above. The author's examination of many of the most striking phenomena connected with the atmospheric pressure, will serve to direct particular attention to the important facts brought out by long extended series of observations, such as those of the observatories of Greenwich and Toronto, which have lately been published by the government.

*The Conquest of Scinde, &c.*, by Major-General W. J. P. Napier. Part II.—Review of the work entitled 'The Conquest of Scinde, &c.' republished from the *Bombay Monthly Times*.—The present part of Major-General Napier's work is more important than its predecessor, since it contains both a relation of the brilliant military exploits of his brother, and a fuller development of the difficulties with which the latter had to contend in the pacification of Scinde. In both respects, it is an elaborate vindication of that officer from the open assaults and secret cavillings of certain functionaries in India, whose interests are said to have been affected by the vigorous and novel administration of Sir Charles, as governor of the country which his hand subdued. But we have greater reason than before to condemn the tone in which it is written. Both in manner and substance it could not fail to give offence. Its strictures on other men are often rash, sometimes unjust; and where there is a foundation for them, they are, for the most part, carried to, what we think, an outrageous degree of exaggeration. We do not wonder, therefore, that the editor of the *Bombay Times*, who has received some hard blows from both the Napiers, should feel inclined to return them. Nothing can be gained by offensive language, which is alike foreign to good taste and feeling. And it is no less impolitic: even a good cause it invests with suspicion; while it aggravates personal rancour to such an extent as to render eventual justice nearly hopeless. Our author's dignified task would have been to state facts—leaving comments to the reader. But we are, in justice, bound to make allowance for his soreness, which, however aggravated, is very natural: We must not forget to observe, that the present part is also the last of the work. It was the author's intention to publish three; but the subject of what should have been the third—Sir C. Napier's administration of Scinde—is considered important enough to form a separate work, in one volume.

*Becker's Charicles; or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks; with Notes and Excursus*; translated by the Rev. T. Metcalfe, M.A.—The commendation which we bestowed on this gentleman's translation of 'Gallus' [see *Ath.* No. 888] is deserved also by this of 'Charicles.' Here we have, in the form of an elegant romance, a description of the daily life of the ancient Greeks, portrayed and brought out in such an admirable manner, that the vivacious native of the "land of hills" is made almost a personal acquaintance, whose conversation we delight to enjoy. The amount of antiquarian and archaeological information which this volume contains, is scarcely paralleled within the same space, even in Germany, where learned works of the class abound. His judicious translator justly claims for Becker the credit of being "the originator of this species of antique domestic literature." In this, too, Becker has shown not only a comprehensiveness in the materials employed, but an elaboration and finish in the working of them up, which entitles him to the name of artist, as well as antiquary. Enough, however, of books which no student of classic literature would willingly be without.

*Gray's Poetical Works*, edited by the Rev. J. Moultrie, M.A.—This handsome reprint contains the Latin as well as the English works of the poet; is adorned with numerous engravings on steel and wood, and is introduced by some stanzas from the pen of the editor, which at least deserve the praise of elegance. We doubt, however, whether his estimate of Gray's genius will satisfy the poet's admirers. Sufficient homage has not yet been rendered to that perfect art which a life of study was spent in attaining. No doubt the romantic poetry of a later period has a deeper subjective interest, yet how much would our literature have lost, had Gray not presented us with an example of classic polish not to be excelled! We should regard him as the crowning grace of a great cycle of intellectual development, and contemplate him in the relative position which he therein occupies; and not as contrasted with his more passionate successors. When we seek to appreciate his merit from this point of view, there is no English writer who better justifies our limited admiration. We may add here, by way of comment on Byron's cynical question—"What is Fame?" that at the late meeting of the British Association, we visited Pembroke College, were shown over the hall and chapel and gardens, and heard its history in little after the customary fashion, but that neither the porter, nor any one whom, at our request, he obligingly consulted, could point out to us Gray's rooms!

*The Beggar's Coin, or Love in Italy*, by J. R. Beste, Esq.—There are some minds that, under accidental excitement, wake, as it were, from sleep, and, looking suddenly upon the world, so express their wonder and other feelings, that for awhile we may be misled to ascribe to the influence of genius the glow of phrase and the rush of utterance which is only due to the impulse of occasion. Such is the case with our author, who having been thrown among foreign scenes and literary people, has written a new 'Childe Harold,' not in Spenserian stanzas, but in *ottava rima*; thus blending, or endeavouring to blend, the spirit of the noble pilgrim with that of 'Don Juan.' The execution of the work is, on the whole, respectable, and displays a tolerably cultivated taste, though defects of education here and there meet us in the shape of small grammatical errors, which occasionally mar the pleasure of perusal, by attracting attention to petty faults. Such things, it is true, are but straws on the surface—nevertheless, they are annoying. Some smaller poems conclude the volume, which indicate more facility of versification than power of invention—more grace than vigour.

*Dramatic Sketches and other Poems*, by the Rev. J. Wills, A.M.—These are, chiefly, republications from the magazines. They contain poetical elements; but do not reach our standard of original and remarkable poetry. In 'The Last Days of Nero' we do not find a man, but the common ultra-tyrant of Goldsmith's history. But we differ from Mr. Wills in his estimation of the devotion which the poet's task requires. In his preface he says, "As they may, perhaps, meet the notice of a few who, possibly, may draw from the apparent bulk of this volume an inference as to the occupation of its author's time, which would be neither favourable nor just, I think it right to explain



that, like many of the idlest acts of the most laborious lives, poetry has consumed no portion of mine that could be more usefully employed." We question whether this amount of "poetic pains" can ever produce remarkable results.

*Poems and Snatches of Prose*, by T. Denham.—A volume of rude Scotch composition, which, from its dialect, may amuse those who take special interest in the humbler attempts of the Doric muse. Though far from a Burns, a Hogg, or a Cunningham, we can only hope, in the words of Professor Wilson, that "his volume may be of use to the author, by showing that his abilities are much above the common level"—but must confess, that we would rather not be called upon to say, in these times, *how much*.

*The Anglo-Indian Passage; Homeward and Outward*, by D. L. Richardson.—This book professes to be—"A Card for the Overland Traveller from Southampton to Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta"—but in a card we should have thought there would have been little room for fine writing and sonnetteering. These ornamental flourishes, however, being allowed for, the book may be commended for the general utility of its directions. The traveller will also have to thank Mr. Richardson for the illustrative wood-cuts—and we hope that the light matter in the epistolary correspondence and lyrical and other verses may avail to cheer him on a tedious route. We must not omit to state that Mr. Richardson apologizes for the interposition of these pieces, as serving to amuse many an idle and weary hour—and to employ the mind when rendered vacant by the want of occupation. He speaks from experience, and therefore, we are bound to believe that these recreations are, perhaps, as utilitarian in their character as the rest of the work. They may be welcome when only the guide book is within reach.

*New Editions*.—A remarkably cheap edition of *Jardine's Naturalists' Library*, each volume divided into three parts. We can recommend this re-issue of a work of established character, as being well printed and got up. That it is beautifully illustrated with coloured plates, may be known from our notice of the original publication. A corrected edition of *Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches of Statesmen*, has been added to *Knight's Weekly Volume*.—A cheap edition of *Tom Cringle's Log* has also appeared.—A new edition, too, is out, of *Nash's Hudibras*—neatly printed, and profusely, rather than choicely, illustrated.—A second edition of *Darwin's Journal of a Voyage Round the World* has been added to *Murray's Home and Colonial Library*.—A third, has reached us from the United States, of *The Wolf, a Collection of Poems*, with a Proem, by Longfellow, consisting of stray verses, both old and new, by lyrical poets on both sides the Atlantic.—A ninth edition of *Rhind's Scottish Tourist*—and a fourth of *Black's Picturesque Tourist* have appeared.—A second of *T. Carlyle's Life of Schiller*—a fourth of *Eden*—and a new and corrected edition of *Wright's Translation of Dante*—to which may be added, the continuation of *Mrs. Bray's Novels*, and Mr. Moxon's double-columned edition of *Spenser's Works*, with *Todd's Life of the Poets*.

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## THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

BY ROBERT LEE, M.D. F.R.S.

On the 5th of November 1824, I arrived at Cologne on my way from London to Odessa, to join the family of Count Woronzow, in the capacity of physician to his Excellency. The weather had been very tempestuous during the whole journey from England, and torrents of rain had fallen. The Rhine had overflowed its banks to a greater extent than had ever before been remembered. From the cathedral and spire of the town-house the inundation presented a striking and melancholy spectacle. The whole level country was covered with water, and the river with the wrecks it was floating away. The following day, many miles before reaching Andernach, the road was inundated by the Rhine, and it was necessary to embark in a boat and be towed up the stream by a number of men on the shore. The rope by which it was dragged against the rapid current frequently became entangled among the chimneys of houses and tops of trees, when suddenly getting loose, the boat ran great risk of being upset, to the extreme danger of the passengers. The night had begun to set in long before this dangerous voyage was completed, and the river was becoming more and more rapid, rushing against our boat with increasing violence. The darkness had increased so much that every object around us had become indistinct, and our situation truly perilous, when the full moon unexpectedly rising above the mountains of the Rhine, our apprehensions of danger were removed, and our feelings of anxiety lost, in admiration of the magnificence of the scenery around us.

Having reached Coblenz about midnight I crossed the river with difficulty the following afternoon to Ehrenbreitstein, from whence my journey was continued to Francfort without interruption. I saw from a hill between Limburg and Wiesbaden, to a distance, as far as the eye could reach, the Rhine and the Maine, like two arms of the sea covering the whole of the flat country, and it was estimated that no less than 50,000 persons were ruined by this extensive inundation. Passing through Wurtzburg and Nuremberg, I reached Ratisbon on the 15th of November. The wind blew and the rain fell without ceasing during the whole of my journey from Francfort. The Danube had risen as much above its ordinary level as the Rhine, and was rushing with its characteristic impetuosity, fearfully increased at this time through all the fifteen arches of the old bridge of Ratisbon. It appeared to me surprising that this structure, which had been built seven hundred years before, should be able to withstand the force of such a mighty torrent.

A frightful and disastrous inundation also took place at this time at St. Petersburg, of which the following description has been furnished me by my friend Dr. Gibbs, of Exeter, then residing at St. Petersburg:—

"The autumnal equinoctial gales most generally prevail at St. Petersburg from the south-west, by which the waters of the Gulf of Finland and Neva are much increased. So it was in 1824, and for some weeks the wind continued from nearly the same quarter. The night of the 18th of November was very stormy, and at daylight of the 19th it blew a hurricane from W.S.W., by which the stream of the river, the upper part at least, was reversed, and the waters, running higher than ever remembered, soon caused the lower parts of the city and neighbourhood of the embouchure to be inundated. At nine o'clock in the morning I attempted to cross the Voskresensky Bridge of boats on my way to the General Naval Hospital, on the Wyborside, but was unable, owing to the great elevation. I then paid some professional visits, and at eleven called on Prince Narishkin, who had already given orders to remove the furniture from his lower apartments, the water then being above

the level of the Fontanka canal opposite to his residence. From this time the rise was rapid, and at half-past eleven, when I returned to my house, in the great Millione, the water was gushing upwards through the gratings of the sewers, filling the streets and court-yards with which every house is provided. A servant took me on his back from the droshky, my horses at that time being above their knees, and conveyed me to the landing of the staircase. The wind now blew in awful gusts, and the noise of the tempest with the cries of the people in the streets was terrific. It was not long ere boats were seen in the streets with vast quantities of fire-wood and other articles floating about. As there was an ascent to my coach-house and stables, the water there attained but to four feet in depth; in most, however, it was necessary to get both horses and cows up to the landing places of the stairs in order to save them, though the loss of animals was great. Now and then a horse was seen swimming across from one pavement to another, the deepest part of the streets of St. Petersburg being in the centre. The number of rats drowned on this occasion was inconceivable, and of dogs and cats not a few. The crisis seemed to be from one to three in the afternoon, at which hour the wind having veered round a couple of points to the northward, the waters began to abate, and by four o'clock the tops of the iron posts, three feet in height, by the sides of the pavement made their appearance. The reflux of the water was tremendous, causing much damage, and carrying off fire-wood, boards, lumber, and all sorts of rubbish, with various articles of furniture. From the commencement of the inundation the report of the signal cannon, fired first at the Galleyhaven, at the entrance of the river, then at the Admiralty dockyard, and lastly at the fortress, was continued at intervals as a warning to the inhabitants, and added not a little to the horror of the scene. At five o'clock, persons were seen on the pavements carrying lanterns, and the rattling of equipages was heard an hour afterwards. The depth of water in the different parts of the city varied from four to nine and ten feet; but along the border of the Gulf of Finland, and especially in the low suburb of the Galleyhaven before alluded to, the depth was from fourteen to eighteen feet, and many of the small wooden houses built on piles were carried away, inmates and all. A few were floated up the Neva, rocking about with poor creatures clinging on the roof. Some of these perished; others were taken off, at a great risk, by boats from the Admiralty yard, which had been ordered out by the express command of his Imperial Majesty, who stood during the greatest part of the day on the balcony of the Winter Palace, giving the necessary orders. The government ironworks, near the shore of the Gulf, and two miles distant, were almost annihilated, and the loss of life was great. This establishment was afterwards removed to the left and elevated bank of the Neva, five versts above the city. Vessels of various kinds, boats, timber, &c. floated over the parapets of the quays on the banks of the Neva and canals, into the streets and squares, and were for the most part afterwards broken up for fuel. As the lower part of most houses in St. Petersburg is occupied by shopkeepers and artisans of various descriptions, so these unfortunate people sustained much loss, and until their dwellings were considered to be sufficiently dried by means of stoves, found refuge and maintenance with their neighbours in the upper apartments. A German shoemaker, with his family, lived below me, and in this way became my guests for the space of eight days. The wind continued providentially to get round to the north during the night of the 19th, and a smart frost taking place on the following morning, rendered the roads and streets extremely slippery, but doing much good by the dryness it produced. On the 20th, the Emperor Alexander, ever benevolent and humane, visited those parts of the city and suburbs most afflicted by this catastrophe, and in person bestowed alms and consolation to the sufferers, for the most part of the lower classes, and in every way afforded such relief, both then and afterwards, as won for him the still greater love and admiration of his people and of the foreign residents in St. Petersburg. To assist the Emperor's benevolent views, a subscription was entered into, and the British residents came forward, as usual, with their wonted liberality. As nothing official was published as to

the actual loss it is impossible to state. The authorities what information hundred persons damp and the houses adjacent with chiefly, as many dates maladies to the. The effects than a year subsequent to The red pain to mark the In the inund rose eleven extensive and cured, they level of the. The Danube covered by a Ratisbon to November, 1 on the 29th. the capital of 2nd of Deco Astrelitz, w years before officer, on his the battle, a said it comm in the morn and that in t men were eit It was the fl ander had be the field he and the ren Astrelitz, p I was assur and that the entirely to the poleon. W were descen key of their French, to a communicat the allies to it was comp like a wedge their army routed them, French fleet Europe felt that of an eq the map of Pitt on recei though defea occasion. H operate with empire wit obligations h visit with the tomb of Fr Friedland, h circumstance difficult to c serious to co secret article have succeed taining so ap by which E Danish fleet can be no d hope and jo I continu and Lember traversed the 8th of with great s frozen, and the Me of January both on the of April, w vegetation h which had

the actual loss of lives on this melancholy occasion, it is impossible to state otherwise than by report. The authorities were shy on this subject; but from what information I could obtain, twelve or fifteen hundred persons must have perished. Owing to the damp and unwholesome state of the lower parts of the houses and cellars, the mortality during the subsequent winter was nearly doubled, from typhus chiefly, as also from affection of the lungs; and many dated their rheumatic pains and various other maladies to the sufferings they then underwent."

The effects of this calamity were still visible more than a year after, when I visited St. Petersburg, subsequent to the death of the Emperor Alexander. The red painted lines on the houses still remained to mark the height to which the waters had risen. In the inundation of 1752, the waters of the Neva rose eleven feet, and in that of 1777, the most extensive and destructive that had ever before occurred, they rose fourteen feet above the ordinary level of the river.

The Danube and the surrounding country were covered by a dense fog during my journey from Ratisbon to Vienna, where I arrived on the 21st of November, 1824, and set out for the Russian frontier on the 29th. The same evening I reached Brünn, the capital of Moravia, where I remained till the 2nd of December, the anniversary of the battle of Austerlitz, which was fought near this town, nineteen years before. Here I met an Austrian cavalry officer, on his way from Italy to Galicia, who was in the battle, and gave a vivid description of it. He said it commenced between eight and nine o'clock in the morning, and was nearly over by mid-day, and that in the very short space of four hours 40,000 men were either killed, wounded, or made prisoners. It was the first battle in which the Emperor Alexander had been present, and from an eminence near the field he saw a great part of his army destroyed, and the remainder retreating in confusion upon Austerlitz, pursued by the enemy. His troops fought, I was assured, with the most determined bravery, and that the victory which the French gained was due entirely to the transcendent military genius of Napoleon. When the Russian and Austrian columns were descending from the heights which formed the key of their position, and were marching round the French, to attack their right wing, and cut off their communication with Vienna, Napoleon encouraged the allies to make this false movement, and before it was completed, he drove his masses of infantry, like a wedge, against their flank and centre, cut their army into two parts, and afterwards quickly routed them, as Lord Nelson had before done to the French fleet at Trafalgar, after breaking their line. Europe felt the shock of the battle of Austerlitz like that of an earthquake. "Henceforth we may close the map of Europe for half a century," said Mr. Pitt on receiving the fatal tidings. But Alexander, though defeated, was not wholly vanquished on this occasion. He persevered, till his allies ceased to co-operate with him, and the entire subjugation of his empire was threatened, to discharge the solemn obligations he had sworn to fulfil during his nocturnal visit with the King of Prussia, a month before to the tomb of Frederick the Great. After the battle of Friedland, he was compelled to yield to the force of circumstances which he could not control, and it is difficult to believe, that if Alexander had been desirous to conceal from the English government the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit that they could have succeeded (by any bribe, however great) in obtaining so speedily a perfect knowledge of the means by which England was saved. The capture of the Danish fleet, which followed this discovery, there can be no doubt inspired the Emperor with secret hope and joy.

I continued my route through Poland by Cracow and Lemberg to Brody, and then entering Russia, traversed the Ukraine to Odessa, where I arrived on the 8th of January, 1825. The winter soon set in with great severity; the Black Sea on that coast was frozen, and the communication with Constantinople and the Mediterranean entirely cut off. At the end of January a great quantity of snow fell and lay, both on the land and sea, till the commencement of April, when the ice floated away to the south, and vegetation began to appear on the Steppe. Odessa, which had no existence half a century before this

period, now contained upwards of 36,000 inhabitants and carried on an extensive commerce with Turkey and the countries in the south of Europe. In the streets of the town were seen Greeks, Jews, Russians, Poles, Germans, French, Americans, and English, in the costumes of their respective nations. The Governor General, Count Woronzow, was surrounded with military and civil officers, who had either distinguished themselves in the public service or were eminent for their rank and talents. The dreary and monotonous winter months of Scythia passed quickly and agreeably away in the society of those who had served in the Persian, Turkish, and French wars; and who had witnessed both the burning of Moscow and the capture of Paris. Society at Odessa seemed as free and unrestrained as in London, and there was nothing apparent to a stranger from which it could at this time be suspected that a conspiracy existed to destroy the Emperor Alexander, and subvert the government of the country.

During the summer I visited Kief, and the greater part of the country extending between the Dniester and the Dniester, which was at that time suffering from the ravages of locusts. They appeared in the Crimea in 1819, and had continued in it until 1823, —that year the crops were completely devoured by them. From thence they spread westward as far as Bessarabia, and to the north upwards of 300 miles from the sea, and in the autumn of 1824, their eggs had been deposited in the earth, not only in these fertile provinces, but throughout the whole tract of country extending eastward from the Dniester beyond the Don, to the Caucasus. I had seen their ova during the winter dug out of the earth, when they presented the appearance of clusters of small yellow sacs or bags. In the month of May the young ones began to issue from the ground in myriads, at which time they did not exceed the fifth of an inch in length, and could only crawl along the surface. In a few weeks they had greatly enlarged, and could leap considerable distances, like grasshoppers. By the end of June they were able to fly a short way, and before the end of July they mounted high into the air and took long flights. At first they were of a blackish hue, and their heads were disproportionately large, but afterwards they became of a clear brown colour, with wings of grey or rosy red. In some places they covered the ground completely, and were in a state of rest, but in others, they were going slowly before the breeze, and resembled at a distance a sheet of gently flowing water. Around Novomirgorod, in travelling from Biala Cerkiew, near Kief, to Odessa, the road was deeply covered with them, and they rose as our carriages approached, with a peculiar rattling noise, and in such numbers that they filled the air like flakes of snow in a storm. They swarmed in the streets of Odessa, in the vineyards and on the surrounding steppe, at the beginning of August, and masses of the dead bodies of those drowned in the sea, covered the shore. There were everywhere two distinct varieties of these insects, one about three inches, and the other of half that length. The first kind was observed to bear a much greater proportion to the other near the sea, than at a remote distance. There was a third variety of a green colour, but it was extremely rare, and in some places wholly wanting. In the neighbourhood of Odessa, on the Steppe, I observed vast numbers of a peculiar species of Spheg, or Ichneumon fly, employed in killing and burying the locusts. The fly insidiously sprang upon the locust, applying its long and powerful legs around the body, so that the victim could not expand its wings and escape. When exhausted with fruitless efforts to fly, the spheg applied the strong nippers with which its mouth is furnished around the neck of the locust and thrusting the dart with which it is also provided between the head and body in a few seconds deprived the locust of life. This dart I found to consist of two sharp spears, with a small tube between them, but whether connected or not with a poisonous sac was not ascertained. The fly remained for some time attached to the body of the locust after it was dead, probably for the purpose of depositing its ova within it. The spheg afterwards dragged the locust into a small grave it had previously dug in the ground for its reception, and covered it carefully with earth. The ultimate extinction of the locusts here obviously would be effected by this means, if none other were provided by nature for the purpose. The locusts, I

was informed some years after, had entirely disappeared from these extensive steppes.

On the 11th of August 1825, his Excellency Count Woronzow and his suite embarked at Odessa on board Admiral Greig's yacht, and sailed for the Crimea. The Counts F. Pahlen, Olizar, Potoski, and the Baron de Brunow (now Russian minister in England) were among the number. The following evening we saw the land near Kosloff. At two o'clock on the morning of Sunday the 16th, we were off Sevastopole, in the midst of the Black Sea fleet, consisting of eight ships of the line and three large frigates. We went on board the Admiral's ship, and after examining every part, heard divine service performed in the chapel, where all the sailors who could be spared were present. After this, a sham fight took place between the three frigates and the yacht. Admiral Greig then formed his own ship and seven others of the line into close order of battle, with all their sails expanded, and many tremendous broadsides were fired. We afterwards dined with the Admiral, Vice-Admiral, and Captains of the fleet. We parted from Admiral Greig at sunset, and made all sail for Yoursoff, on the south coast. The breeze was favourable, but towards morning it gradually died away, the vessel being about ten miles from the point called Criu Metopon, where the temple of Diana is supposed to have stood in the days of Iphigenia. During the 17th the weather was beautiful, there was not a breath of air, and the sea was like a placid lake. The following day, when opposite Jalta, the scene suddenly changed, by the occurrence of a violent gale from the east, which drove the vessel back, and compelled us to take refuge in a bay near Balaklava. We passed the night at a village called Laspi, belonging to General Potiers, all the inhabitants of which were suffering from fever, and in a wretched condition. On the 19th, taking Tartar horses, we rode through the valley of Baidar, and crossed the Ayla mountains by the passage of Foros, to the south coast, along which we passed eastward by Simeis, Aloupka, Mughor, Dereku, Nikita, Masandra, and Orianda, to Yoursoff, the seat of Count Woronzow. There are probably no scenes in Europe which surpass in magnificence and beauty those around Aloupka, Masandra, and Orianda. "If there exists on earth a spot which may be described as a terrestrial paradise," says Dr. Clarke, "it is that which intervenes between Kutchukoy and Sudac, on the south coast of the Crimea. Protected by encircling Alps from every cold and blighting wind, and only open to those breezes which are wafted across the sea from the south, the inhabitants enjoy every advantage of climate and situation. From the mountains continual streams of crystal water pour down upon the gardens, in which many species of fruit known in the rest of Europe, and many that are not, attain the highest perfection. Neither unwholesome exhalations, nor chilling winds, nor venomous insects, nor hostile neighbours, infest their blissful territory."

During the month of September 1825, the whole population of the Crimea between the mountains and the sea, all the inhabitants of "this terrestrial paradise," were in a very sickly condition, and in the villages along the coast between Yoursoff and Simeis, I saw and treated more than a hundred cases of intermittent and remittent fever. Many who had been suffering for months had enlargement of the liver and spleen, with jaundice and dropsy. The weather, during the whole time I remained on the south coast of the Crimea, was delightful, and none of those sudden and violent changes were observed which so frequently occur in all the countries situated along the northern shore of the Black Sea. There could be little doubt that the fever which then prevailed on the coast and in the interior of the Crimea, was produced by noxious exhalations from the earth.

After visiting all the most interesting places in the Crimea, I embarked on board Admiral Greig's yacht at Sevastopole on the 23rd September, and returned to Odessa, with Count F. Pahlen, on the 1st of October. Count Woronzow at the same time set out for Taganrog, to meet the Emperor Alexander, who had arrived there with the Empress a short time before, with the intention of spending the winter on the shores of the sea of Azoff. Before reaching Odessa, Count Pahlen was seized with severe shivering, headache, and the other characteristic symptoms of bilious remittent fever. The attack was far more



violent and dangerous than in any of the cases which had before fallen under my observation, and he narrowly escaped with his life. Mr. Rose, an English gentleman, who had been in the Crimea with us, was also attacked after our return to Odessa, and died from effusion into the brain. The health of a considerable number of those who had been on the south coast of the Crimea at the same time, suffered severely for some months after, and in a few fever appeared in a severe form early the following spring. There was evidence to prove that almost all of us had suffered from malaria.

On the 14th of October 1825 (O.S.) at Odessa, I received a letter from Count Woronzow at Taganrog, informing me of the Emperor's determination to visit the Crimea, and requesting me to meet him at Bereslaw, on the Dnieper. I accordingly left Odessa in the afternoon of the same day, with General Bashmakoff, Messrs. Marini and Artemieff. We arrived at Nicolaef in the afternoon of the 15th, and remained a few hours with Admiral Greig, who had just returned from Taganrog. It was a clear, beautiful night, the road was excellent, and we reached Bereslaw the following morning, at seven o'clock, where we remained during the day. This is a large town on the west bank of the Dnieper, which does not differ in appearance from the other towns in the south of Russia. There were many shops or bazaars in it, full of every kind of merchandise. Great numbers of waggons laden with salt from the Crimea, were then passing through, and large bodies of troops marching to join the army on the Turkish frontier. The country around was extremely fertile, but the locusts had committed great havoc the year before, the peasants and landed proprietors being in a state of the greatest distress. We left Bereslaw in the afternoon, for the isthmus of Perecop, and after passing over an extensive plain of sand like the Llandes, near the Pyrenees, we entered the Crimea, and spent the night at the German colony of Nahitchwan. Here all was order, cleanliness and comfort, the population rapidly increasing, and additional grants of land required. On quitting these intelligent, happy people, the following morning, we were not long in coming among the Nogay Tartars, where all was ignorance, poverty and wretchedness. Light and darkness, civilization and barbarism, were here almost in contact. We remained two nights and a day at Sympheropole, where I had the satisfaction of giving professional aid to the daughter of Count Rostopschin, a name which will be preserved through all ages in the annals of Russia.

On the 20th we left Sympheropole early in the morning, and passing rapidly over the Steppe extending between the town and the mountains, crossed these in a caleche, by the new road which had lately been made to connect the shore of the Crimea with the interior. Many of the soldiers employed in completing this arduous work appeared sickly and depressed. Upwards of a hundred out of five hundred had suffered from fever during the autumn, but in none had the disease assumed a dangerous form. No less than a thousand soldiers had been employed in this important work the year before, and comparatively few of them, it was reported, had suffered from the effects of fever. The face of the country had changed since our former visit to the Crimea. The woods along the Sulgir, and on the Chatyr-Dagh, were stripped of their leaves, though on entering the valley of Alushta the trees were still green. From the Isthmus of Perecop to Yoursoff, where we arrived on the 20th, preparations were being made for the reception of the Emperor; the roads were being repaired, and all the cottages and houses in the line were being cleaned and whitewashed. The principal Tartar of the village of Yoursoff had been suffering severely from intermittent fever for several weeks, but the fits were speedily arrested by the calomel and sulphate of quinine which I administered to him. This latter remedy, which had never before been employed in the fevers of the Crimea, often stopped their course so quickly, that some of the ignorant Tartars were disposed to attribute the striking effects to supernatural influence.

The following morning we set out for Aloupka. It was like a summer's day in England, the thermometer in the shade being 17° of Reaumur. The tops of the mountains were, however, covered with dense clouds. The road along the sea-shore to

Orianda from Yoursoff never appeared to me so beautiful before, and I could not pass Nikita and Masandra, without halting to admire the glorious scenery. The woods had lost a part of their verdure, but there were still many of the trees as green as during the autumn. The wild vine, which climbs to the tops of the highest trees, and the leaves of which were then of a deep red colour, formed a striking feature in the scene. The walnut and fig trees were still fresh and green. At Aloupka, in the evening, we walked around the gardens, the most romantic in the Crimea, where preparations were being made for planting forty lemon trees in the open air, which had been imported the previous year from Italy, and one of them, which had been exposed in the middle of the garden to the intense frost the preceding winter, was in a flourishing state. We returned to the Tartar house which was prepared for the Emperor. Boards had been placed around the front of it, and whitewashed. The walls of the two chambers for His Majesty's accommodation, had been surrounded with a coarse white linen cloth, and a very neat bed prepared. There were two chairs, a table, and a couch, and newly glazed windows had been put in. In that climate one could not have desired a better habitation for a night, though it was a common Tartar cottage.

We returned to Yoursoff on the 23rd, and on the following day one of the Emperor's couriers arrived, and arranged all the apartments in the house for His Majesty and attendants. On the 25th the Emperor arrived at Sympheropole. He went to the service in the Cathedral the following morning, and he arrived at Yoursoff about four o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by General Diebitch, Sir James Wylie, and a few attendants. When he dismounted from his horse in front of the house at Yoursoff, Count Woronzow, his aides-de-camp, secretaries, and myself, were standing in a line to receive him.

(To be concluded next week.)

#### THE PRINCIPLE OF ASSOCIATION.

I have read your remarks, of last week, on the subject of Associations; and, agreeing in most of them, I am, yet, anxious to put in a few words for that spirit of union and combination which is a striking feature of the age,—and which I believe to be an instrument of great power for enlarging the boundaries of knowledge, and hastening on the progress of the world. I do not think that the opinions which I have to offer have any necessary difference from your own; but I am desirous to have this understood, at a moment when other powerful engines of opinion are affecting to discredit the principle of association, in one of its grandest applications—in a spirit quite unintelligible to those who know the intellect wielded by the engines in question, and are earnest lovers of simple and unpolymical truth. I consider, for myself, that this principle of association contains the secret of social development, and that the great questions of economical life, can only receive a satisfactory solution through its means. For some of the purposes in which society has its highest interest, I believe the waste of ages to be saved by its application,—that distant epochs of time, and detached stations of mental labour, are brought close together by its agency, with an effect, in the multiplication of results, which has its analogy in that material victory over time and space achieved, in the natural world, by the invention of steam-conveyance. And whether or not you may differ from me as to the amount of its social and political uses, I have no doubt you will allow me to state my views, by the side of your own, for the sake of the truths involved, and the interest which you are sure to take in their final disengagement.

It is, of course, not in the field of morals, as you put the question, that this principle of association can be most fitly or most usefully applied. That teaching is, as you say, most dangerous, which encourages its disciple to put his morality into the keeping of another, as if it were not safe in his own,—which, in any question of his responsibilities as a man, allows him to lose his sense of the individual, and become part of a convention. Apart from his evil effect, in proposing, as you observe, a lower class of motives than the highest for the practice of right, there is further danger that the virtue so thrown into

a joint stock and represented by a sign, will certainly deteriorate in its quality, even while it fructifies to the end proposed. It is by the renewed exercise and continual action of a moral resolve, that the mind is kept highly toned, and the resolve itself put in direct and wholesome communication with the principles in which it originated; whereas, they who hand over the result of a principle to the keeping of a company, are probably content with the single act of resolve by which they did so—and are not careful thenceforth to renew, in the spirit of its birth, the virtue which is invested for exploitation, and palely represented by a name. Still, there is a class of social errors,—in which moral considerations are more or less deeply involved,—for which association seems so naturally the cure, that society is scarcely at liberty to postpone it for the slow and gradual operation of a higher remedy. As a medicine, it is, in itself, of less wholesome effect upon the moral constitution than others which might be applied; but its action is direct upon the immediate disease under which society is suffering,—and by which, at any rate, the moral constitution is endangered. Both in a religious and philosophical point of view, it is lamentable that this should be so: but the benefactors of the world must work with human motives as they find them—only careful that they do not select a lower remedy where a higher is at hand, and can be applied. You have, yourself, seemed to imply, in reference to the teaching of Father Mathew, that it is not lawful to resist the attack of a great social evil by inferior arguments, where those of the highest nature would not have worked the same striking amount of cure. Now, the causes to which I allude, are those wherein the error, having its very growth in opinion, is to be successfully attacked only by opinion itself—and that improved opinion is to be immediately expressed only by association, as a direct antidote to the evil of the erroneous one which has been the slow infusion of ages. You have given, yourself, from time to time, a variety of examples, in which a prejudice, the direct growth of society, yet working social distress and involving social wrong, has been attacked by society's taking the very object of the prejudice or exclusion under its publicly-avowed protection. Such are some of those recent associations which have been formed for the effecting of objects to which sumptuary laws were directed in vain: and it is not many weeks since you gave a very curious instance, in the case of a society formed, at Vienna or Berlin, to relieve families from an expense beyond their means, by taking the *third-class* hearse into honour. Such, too, is the barbarous and ridiculous practice of the duel;—which opinion having fostered, opinion must expel,—and against which association, like the one recently formed for its discouragement, are useful, as expressions of that opinion. But you have said all that that subject demands;—and, abandoning the field of morals, with these few qualifying remarks, I am anxious to direct my argument for association into those more material regions where, as I have said, I scarcely anticipate opposition from you,—but in some of which an opposition, conducted in no worthy spirit, has been recently set up by others.

The value of combination and centralization, as agents of social government, is amongst the questions that have been most earnestly debated, in the present day; and a looker-on, like myself, cannot, I think, but see, that the arguments of those who depreciate them go rather to a part than the whole of the question,—less to the principle than to its possible application,—not so much to a fair discussion of their uses as to a warning against the dangerous opportunities which they offer for abuse. The great power which the scheme of centralization—the highest resulting expression of every association and of associations in general—must throw into the hands of individuals, without a perfect system of checks, is the practical argument on which the opponents of the doctrine rely;—and this argument, imported into the polemics of party, is addressed to national prejudices and individual jealousies, to popular fears and personal ambition;—all which combine in writing upon the standard of their adversaries the name of *doctrinaire*, and ingeniously stigmatizing it as something dangerous. Nevertheless, the important question of social development must, sooner or later, be met in a spirit of inquiry; and the great interests of human happiness cannot be much longer post-

poned to the party. The purpose—the threadbare petus for a recommendation or fall back—longer be the intellect is lulled to sleep by the within Cast without. The doctrine arguments, cabinets or I am convinced efforts for masses, and At best, want of unity ever they their action same difference the use of there is but over a disease of “ancient treatment render it up be, in many the full ex Association political lev society are the order of see clearly I as I have h tion and co the physical tion from na divided by m may have d solitary cell anew—inste might, ere some grand How many may have b and lost ag day, because name of sci “lie unusp convent wal witnessed, i corded exp that might it been res wherein it which the e lost inventi yet unknow It is, I repe the principle and its valu seding the n or claiming —but for co securing res felt that she part of her all her char To argue centralization blens of s trism,—sin both are of mental arr and a cent in its inter plication of existence. theory of s the equal that—notw



poned to the cant of egotism and the watchwords of party. The cry of "Wolf!" has nearly served its purpose—the "wisdom of our ancestors" is looking threadbare in the strong lights of the times—the impetus forward is becoming too powerful for the ancient recommendation to stand still on the ground acquired, or fall back upon the past. The tides of life can no longer be dammed up by a proverb, nor the hunger of the human mind stayed by a song. The popular intellect is growing large and strong; and will not now be lulled to sleep by old monotonous ditties, or convinced by childish tales of the good fairy that sits within Castle Conservative, and the ogre that watches without. The people, who were children in the memory of living statesmen, are now found "sitting amongst the doctors," and "asking them questions." The doctrine of centralization, like other great social arguments, must be released from the figments of cabinets or coteries, and debated before the nation. I am convinced, as I have said, that no great social amelioration can be effected without it. The detached efforts for good of individuals are powerless upon the masses, and may even be evil in their general effect. At best, they are useful elements squandered, for want of uniform direction and concentration. Whatever they may bring of local relief or assistance,—in their action upon the whole body politic there is the same difference between such partial applications and the use of combined and comprehensive effort, that there is between empiricism and science. To hand over a diseased society,—and on the rotten argument of "ancient institutions"—in fractions, to the several treatment of its several neighbourhoods, is to surrender it up to moral quacks, whose practices will be, in many cases, dangerous,—in all inefficient to the full extent, for want of uniformity of system. Association and centralization are the great moral-political levers of the age; and all the tendencies of society are now in that direction. Combination is the order of the day. In science, as in morals, men see clearly how much of the waste of ages has been, as I have hinted, owing to want of inter-communication and co-operation. Science, which has beaten down the physical walls that divided man from man and nation from nation, will no longer suffer her energies to be divided by moral distances. How many a great truth may have dawned and died, of old, in the student's solitary cell, that the world has had since to discover anew—instead of receiving it as a bequest, which might, ere now, have borne the mighty interest of some grander truth than itself, as yet to be revealed! How many a new tract in the world of knowledge may have been reached by some lonely thinker's sail, and lost again, to be recovered only at some distant day, because not then taken possession of in the name of science! "Everywhere," said Eugene Aram, "lie unsuspected dead;" and I believe that many a convent wall, and many a less suspected spot of earth, witnessed, in the days of solitary effort and unrecorded experiment, the birth and death of thought that might have advanced the world's progress, had it been rescued from the mortality of the breast wherein it wrought,—that, among the treasures which the earth hides, lie, also, wasted labours and lost inventions—"many, unquestioned, of which rest yet unknown, whose bones futurity shall discover." It is, I repeat, a marking feature of the times, that the principle of Association is everywhere spreading and its value emphatically admitted—not as superseding the moral or intellectual efforts of individuals, or claiming the community of genius or of usefulness—but for combining powers, comparing progress and securing results. In fact, science, in particular, has felt that she must be a corporation, in order that no part of her may be mortal, and for the preserving of all her charters and records.

To argue for the admission of combination and centralization into the solution of the great problems of society, really seems like arguing for a truism—since the word itself implies them, and both are of society's very essence. The most elemental arrangement of the kind, is a combination and a centralization; and it seems difficult to deny, in its later and more complicated stages, the application of a principle which is that of its simple existence. It is perfectly understood, that the theory of society is an aggregation of the many for the equal good of the whole; and nowhere denied that—notwithstanding the inequalities which speedily

arise out of any conceivable scheme or modification of society (baffling, by a law so universal as to seem equally positive with that of the original right of equality itself, all attempts at maintaining the perfection of the theory in practice)—yet, a society which separates the sympathies of the few from the interests of the many, and is unable to provide for a large portion of its own members the bread of existence, in exchange for the labour of their hands, fails in the first purpose of its institutions, and must be of defective construction. These principles are not disputed; but it is doubted, by many, who take an indolent and desponding view of social suffering, how far society contains, within itself, this power of self-adjustment—how far the application of the principles is possible, even to the extent claimed by the proposition. If society cannot do so much, then she is worse than useless; but there is no reason, save in men's fears or indolence, to suppose that a society, not vicious in its institution, is unequal to this—and something more. For myself, I have never believed that society has done what she can in this direction—that the problem of "the greatest happiness for the greatest number" has received the solution of which it is capable. But then, to effect this, society must hold more together than she has done. It is the abrupt separation into classes, taking no interest in each other, which wastes her means—while it is, in each of them, a breach of the contract, and an abdication of the rights derived through it. The principle of Association is made to meet the case. The efforts of individuals can do little to reach the cure—the detached labours of the philanthropist are powerless to counteract the oppressions of the egotistical class. It is in her own name, and in her corporate capacity, that society must work out her redemption. It is by combined efforts only that a wholesome circulation can be introduced, and maintained throughout her entire frame. Association and centralization—that is, society restored to its true readings—can, alone, act widely and permanently upon the body politic. The parts must not be left to take care of themselves—nor to the mere nostrums even of the good. In fact, if such associations did no more than repair and keep entire the chain of human interest and dependence, which is the true social bond—and the several links of which are so apt to fall asunder, in neglect—they would be conservative institutions. But they do more. In raising from the ground the dropped and trampled links, and re-attaching them, in their graduated places, to the golden rounds above, they insure, also, the clearing away of the moral rust which has covered the surface of the former, and was eating to their very heart.

K.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE will add an item or two to the list which we gave, last week, of votes taken in the House of Commons on matters habitually interesting to the readers of the *Athenæum*. After premising that an unsuccessful attempt was made to obtain from the House the removal of the wen on Westminster Abbey which is known as St. Margaret's Church—but which, nevertheless, the progress of Mr. Barry's plans in the neighbourhood will, assuredly, exterminate some day:—and that, on the Minister demanding 50,000*l.* for the expenses of communication with India, by way of the Red Sea, Mr. Warburton reminded the House that this sum, as well as another of 99,000*l.* for communication between India and China, is taken from the Post-Office revenues,—a fact which the public should bear in mind in estimating those revenues, and the financial bearing of the reduced-postage scheme:—we may record that 2,000*l.* were granted for statues for the New Houses of Parliament (during the argument on which a question was raised, but not answered on authority, whether the Protector Cromwell was formally excluded from this species of illustration);—75,000*l.* for public education in Great Britain, for the year 1845; and a like sum for the National Education Board in Ireland (during the discussion on which latter vote, Sir James Graham informed Mr. Wyse that it was intended to establish model-schools in several districts of Ireland);—4,911*l.* for the School of Design;—7,380*l.* for the Scotch Universities;—2,100*l.* for the Belfast Academical Institution;—and 42,400*l.* for the expenses of the British Museum. Mr. Wyse, on the occasion of the

last proposal, urged on ministers the propriety of enlarging that Institution for the reception of works of art; and Sir Robert Peel, admitting the importance of the subject, promised that it should have the best consideration of his government during the recess.

The artist is about to have an easy time of it, in England, if the practice to which we, last week, alluded, of taking all the inventive part of his art out of his hands, continues to spread, as it seems to be doing. This week, we find it advertised, that a premium of 10*l.* will be given "for the best Plan and Design of a Monument, to be erected in the Highgate Cemetery"—of which monument, "the one side," it is intimated, "must represent in intaglio the various instruments employed in the different branches of science, and the reverse a female figure breaking a flower from a branch in *basso rilievo*." The artisan may certainly put himself on the ranks of this competition, with the artist; and the terms of the advertisement are calculated to mislead. It is a *draught* that the advertiser wants, not a *design*;—the design he has furnished, himself. Instead of "To Artists and Designers,"—the heading of the advertisement would properly have run—"To Stone-cutters and others."

Mr. Herbert, we may announce, has received a commission for the Hall of Poets, in the new Parliamentary buildings.

Last week, the annual meeting, and distribution of prizes, at the School of Design, took place in the rooms of that institution, at Somerset House—Lord Colborne presiding. The walls were hung with specimens of the students' skill. Mr. Wilson read the report; which stated that the pupils had made great progress in their studies, and that the designs, this year, were superior in taste and execution to those of any former year. The principal prizes were adjudged to Messrs. Harvey, Cadman, Pearce, Jefferson, Denby, Lingford, Wise, O'Reilly, Durrant, Abercrombie and Wells; in the female school, to Misses Filmore, Cooke, Bragg, Smith, Hunter, Shaw, Jennings, Farrer and Culbard;—for designs in carpets, paper-hangings, handkerchiefs, chandeliers, and every variety of manufactures, as well as for paintings, drawings, sculpture, &c. The public were admitted gratuitously, on the two following days, to their exhibition.

We are informed that Mr. William Morley, of the Middle Temple, has nearly completed an Analytical Digest of all the reported cases decided in the Queen's and Company's Courts, in India,—and on appeal to the Privy Council here. The publication will contain decisions of Sir E. West, Sir James Macintosh, Sir A. Anstruther, and Sir Erskine Perry, which have never before been published. There will be an appendix, containing a collection of the *dicta* of the Hindú and Mohammedan law officers attached to the different courts, analytically arranged; and another, in which will appear for the first time a minute on police, by Sir J. Macintosh, and other documents relating to the administration of justice in British India, hitherto unpublished.

It is with more than common pain that we, this week, record a fresh calamity which has befallen the unfortunate city of Quebec. On the 28th of June—one month exactly after the date of the awful conflagration which we reported only a week or two ago—the city was once more visited by the same dreadful scourge; and they who had escaped, on the former occasion, have now been involved in the common ruin. A singular fatality seems to hover over the devoted city: on this occasion, the wind was as strong from the north-east, as it was from the west on the 28th of May; and, both times, the weather being very dry, the fire began to windward of the densest part of the suburb, and swept through the thickest part of the dwellings to leeward. Few lives have been lost—most of the inhabitants, warned by the dreadful example of the former visitation, having fled, at once, before the fiery pursuer, without lingering to save their household goods. The value of property destroyed on this occasion, is said to be greater than on the last; thirteen hundred dwellings have been burnt, and six thousand persons added to the houseless sufferers who were beggared a month ago. The House of Commons has granted a sum of 20,000*l.*, in aid of the sufferers; and the subscription already on foot in the prosperous towns of England for the ill-fated city will, no doubt, receive an accelerated

movement from this accession of calamity.—It is remarkable that we should have, in the same paragraph, to record a similar calamity which has overtaken the town of Smyrna—for the third time within five years devoted to conflagration, and only just recovering from the effects of the last disaster in 1841. One-third of the town was destroyed, on the 3rd ult. In the quarter inhabited by the Armenians, 31 houses only, out of 900, are left standing. The quarter of the Franks was attacked by the fire on two sides; and there, 30 large mansions were consumed. The Hospital of St. Anthony, the vast Establishment of the Sisters of Charity, the Convent of the Capuchins, the Armenian Church, four Turkish convents, two mosques, and nine-tenths of the houses of the Catholic Greeks have been burnt to the ground. Four thousand houses, in all, have perished; and the loss in merchandise is immense; for the caravanseras, with their vast warehouses, were destroyed with a rapidity which made it impossible to save anything they contained. Thousands of persons are without food or shelter; and the streets are encumbered at once by the homeless crowd and by the ruins of their homes. The loss is estimated at more than 200,000,000 of piastres.—And, more remarkable still, as if the monster of fire were let loose for the destruction of the world, we have accounts, by way of the Havannah, of a fire which happened at nearly the same time,—on the 26th of June,—in the rich city of Matanzas; which, at their date, had consumed property to the amount of 800,000 dollars,—and was still burning!

The Paris papers announce that Signor Marchetti's equestrian statue of the unfortunate Duke of Orléans has been removed from the workshop of M. Soyez, where it has been cast in bronze, to the place of its destination in the Court of the Louvre. The sculptor being, in each case, the same, we presume that this is another copy of the same work which, not many weeks ago, M. Soyez cast, as we then reported, for the *Place d'Armes* at Algiers. The prince is represented with drawn sword, in the attitude of command.—The same papers announce a discovery, interesting to geologists, which has taken place in the neighbourhood of Meudon. In repairing the highway that leads from the château, in the direction of Bellevue, three huge Druidic stones have been exposed, surrounded by a quantity of human bones, two hatchets of *silex*, very sharp, and some tusks of the wild boar. According to Dr. Eugène Robert, this has been an ancient dolmen, similar to many that he has visited in Scandinavia; which, judging by the fragments of pottery found among and around its wreck, has been buried; after having been visited (and probably thrown down) by the Romans. The site of this monument, on the slope of a hill, overlooking an immense plain covered with woods and marshes, and commanding the windings of a great river, is such as the Druids loved. The central stone, which has formerly rested horizontally on the other two, placed upright, has, on what would then be its outer or upper surface, an excavation, in the form of a horse-shoe; which seems to have served for human sacrifices, as in other cases of similar stones found in Brittany and elsewhere. The bones indicate a number of from forty to fifty victims—for the most part adult. The mayor of Meudon has written to M. de Montalivet, Intendant of the Civil List, to suggest that the avenue, which is a dependency of the château, should be subjected to a more extensive excavation.—We may add, that excavations making in the department of the Nièvre, in France, have led to the discovery of many Gallo-Roman antiquities, of archaeological interest—amongst the most considerable of which are an antique temple and a theatre of vast dimensions. Other objects of art, such as statuettes, medals, vases, tombs, &c., have been found in the same neighbourhood, in such abundance as to lead to the supposition that this locality has been the centre of a considerable population and an advanced civilization, under the Romans.

The Archaeographic Commission, attached to the Ministry of Public Instruction, in Russia, is engaged in preparing for publication two important works—'A Collection of Authentic Unpublished Documents relating to the History of Western Russia,' and 'A Collection of Memoirs on the Ancient History of Russia, drawn from foreign sources.'

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.  
The Gallery, with a SELECTION OF PICTURES BY ANCIENT MASTERS, and those of the late SIR A. CALCOOTT, R.A., and other deceased British Artists, is OPEN daily, from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s; Catalogue, 1s.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE OF ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN OF HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Reunoux. Open from 10 till 6. Admittance to view both Pictures—Saloon, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. as heretofore.

MONS. BOUTIGNY'S EXPERIMENTS ON THE FREEZING OF WATER IN RED-HOT CRUCIBLES, &c. will be repeated by Dr. Ryan, in his Lecture on the CAUSES OF EXPLOSIONS IN STEAM-BOILERS, daily Half-past Three, and in the evenings of Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at Nine, at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION. The ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, carrying from six to eight visitors at once, is lectured upon by Prof. Bachofner, and exhibited daily, and in the evenings. The art of SWIMMING and DIVING illustrated by a Youth eight and a half years of age, the son of Captain Stevens, the celebrated teacher of Swimming, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at Two o'clock, and on the evenings of Tuesdays and Thursdays at half-past Eight. All the other popular Lectures and Exhibitions as usual.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-Price.

## FINE ARTS

Description of the Chapel of the *Anunziata dell' Arcata*: or, *Giotto's Chapel at Padua*. By Mrs. Calcott, with twelve Illustrations by the late Sir Augustus Calcott. Dolman.

When the late Sir Augustus and Lady Calcott visited Italy in 1827, they brought away with them, the first some sketches, and the latter notes of the Chapel, of which Giotto was both architect and decorator, and which stands near the Roman amphitheatre at Padua. Out of these memoranda of pencil and pen, Lady Calcott made a description which was privately printed in 1835. This work is now published, and has an interest making it worthy of notice, both on account of the subject itself and the very graceful woodcuts, which Sir Augustus Calcott drew to accompany it.

These engravings are little more than simple outlines of the most remarkable figures and compositions in the Chapel. They are to be "looked upon as recollections rather than as fac-similes of the designs they are taken from." Apologizing to the critics in Art, who should object to such renderings from the absence of those peculiarities and even defects belonging to the age in which the works were executed, Sir Augustus Calcott remarks that "the features which mark an artist's strength and originality, and which constitute the beauty of his work, are essentially distinct from those which arise out of the accidents of the time in which he lived." The truth of this remark will be admitted by all who look for higher qualities in Art than those of execution. Albert Durer was a great artist in spite of the Gothic grotesqueness in his works, and many of Hogarth's pictures have an historical and impressive grandeur, though the figures in them are clothed in costume which of itself only suggests merriment. Sir Augustus Calcott may have got rid of the gothic features of Giotto's drawing, but these outlines make us feel that he has preserved those infinitely higher qualities of Giotto's devotional sentiment.

The paintings on the Chapel walls are the only ornaments now left. Of these Sir A. Calcott has made ten selections.—The Elect led to Heaven.—The Meeting of Joachim and Anna.—The Marriage of the Virgin: extremely like the same subject by Raffaele in composition and purity of expression; so like, that Raffaele might be said to have copied it, if we did not know how all the earlier religious painters, even those as well of the North as of the South, preserved in succession a traditional mode of treating certain subjects as to their principal lines of composition. The next cut is a procession headed by a figure playing a viol. The attitudes and draperies are graceful, but rather statuesque. The single erect figure of our Saviour, with the right arm extended as summoning, is taken from the subject of the raising of Lazarus, and we may quite agree in Lady Calcott's remark, that in this composition Giotto has shown that he could express the highest degree of dignity and majesty; the figure of the Saviour, as he pronounces the words "Lazarus, come forth," is almost sublime. There are four other subjects taken from the Chapel. The most important is a single figure of Mary Magdalen at the Resurrection. The figure is kneeling, with outstretched arms. The lines of the composition are very few, simple and severe,

but expressive in the highest degree of devotion. We know nothing so simple which is more elevating.

The chapel which furnished these subjects once belonged to the Convent of the *Anunziata dell' Arcata*, which was built about 1300 by the family of Scrovigno, of Padua, and painted by Giotto about 1306. Lady Calcott says it had remained concealed for centuries, till a French officer, who was superintending the destruction of the Convent, when the Republican Army of France entered Italy, discovered the frescoes of the Chapel, and recognized them as Giotto's work. He reported the discovery to Bonaparte who ordered the Chapel to be preserved, and moreover instituted a mass in perpetuity, to be sung every morning at seven o'clock, which obliges the Chapel to be kept in constant repair. The present custodes of the Chapel are the neighbouring convent of the Eremitani.

The form of the Chapel is oblong, with the ceiling coved. It consists only of a nave. It is lighted by six narrow round-headed windows on one side, with one large window over the door. The paintings on the walls are carried round the whole Chapel, in three ranges, ornaments dividing the subjects from one another. The upper pictures are taken from the apocryphal gospels, and refer to the History of the Virgin. The two lower tiers of pictures relate wholly to the Life of Christ, and the subjects are taken from the New Testament. Some figures in the ceiling, and allegories of Virtue and Vice, which divide the space below the pictures into compartments, are also Giotto's painting, but the choir is painted with subjects from the Life of St. John the Baptist, and is by another artist.

Lady Calcott states, that when her husband made these drawings, the greater part of the pictures were well preserved, though they had suffered from mildew, and the colours of the draperies had changed. She well adds—"This chapel of itself is a monument of the spirit of the early artists; they employed all their power to tell their story purely and intelligibly; they considered it as a work of piety, to set before the beholders the true history of that Gospel which was to save them, and of those Saints who were to act as mediators between them and their Redeemer; and so little was the idea of personal display and distinction in the mere practical part of the Art thought of, that we find pupils, rivals, and their descendants, all adopting, as by common consent, such compositions as the public of the time (which had no books but pictures wherein to learn these things,) seemed to agree told the story the best. In addition to this excellence of telling the story truly, the pictures in this chapel are eminent for a very peculiar expression and grace." The subjects in Giotto's Chapel are just of that class of which good copies should be made for our National Gallery, as Mr. Eastlake suggests, and they would turn to good account among our artists who are commencing the practice of mural decoration, which will doubtless extend from Palaces into the Churches again. It is impossible to have the originals, and it would be most desirable to have copies made whilst the originals are in a good state.

Other buildings in Padua contain frescoes by Giotto. Most of those in the Great Town Hall at Padua were by him. The present volume contains two outlines of the figures of Justice and Prudence in this hall. That of Justice has a grand sentiment of severe dignity.

## DECORATION OF THE NEW HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THERE are many rumours afloat on this subject. Artists are said to be out of humour, and the Royal Commissioners in a dilemma.

After the approval you have often expressed of a commission, under existing circumstances of Art, to superintend the decoration of the New Houses of Parliament, you cannot be accused of hostility if you permit me to point out some of the errors into which the Commission has fallen in its late proceedings. You are especially entitled to do so, because these errors are the very results you predicted as likely to ensue from the course of action which the Commissioners laid down in their third and last-published Report.

Last year, when six artists were chosen to decorate one apartment, and this Report was issued, prescribing that three of the compartments of the House of Lords should be decorated with "personifications or

abstract representations of the Spirit of the Church," "extract out of the six subjects what respect that materials, an aspect of discussion, fused in at Then, if w chosen, is the miracle of nious assim apartment. sets of sub to make t The choic them to the one of the have." So line's and be instance tions" of f asked of the beyond the Comm picture;—n and this th the Commi subject for ular busin not to dict to take up that he wou in the pres torial treat It does not tant in Hist tice Gascoi the Black could possi possible to n essential feat the circumf Even the B of the bapti about the a doing this, t present cart of their bei Commission deny, that would have selected the quite within the artists, "gion, Justice of Lords. I yourselves," mistake of o have done w under which proves that done their b window. The next and feeling is You foretold prophecy had six designs le be hard inde missioners or are sensible c Mr. Dyce to pretty certain one design. direction. M hope, the bes anachronisms work; but d the other had that they wo



abstract representations of Religion, Justice, and the Spirit of Chivalry," and the other three with subjects "expressing the relation of the Sovereign to the Church, to the Law, and to the State," you pointed out the sort of error which had been committed. You said [see *Athenæum*, No. 880, p. 813], "These six subjects are but THREE. How are these 'personifications or abstract representations' to be kept distinct from their 'corresponding' realities? In what respect can Mr. Macclise's fresco be more 'abstract' than Mr. Cope's,—both using the same physical materials, both depicting men and women under an aspect peculiarly conventional? This division of ideality and reality may do very well for metaphysical discussion, but must be naturally mingled and confused in any bodily and matter-of-fact representation. Then, if we look to the varieties of styles of the artists chosen, it must be apparent that it will be next to a miracle if there be not an utter absence of that harmonious assimilation which should be predominant in one apartment. The positive resemblance between the sets of subjects, making the six really three, will tend to make this inharmoniousness the more striking. The choice of subjects, and the apportionment of them to the respective artists, we apprehend, will be one of the greatest difficulties the Commissioners will have." So it has turned out. Standing before Macclise's and Cope's cartoons, who can say which shall be instanced as the peculiarly "abstract personifications" of Chivalry? The same question may be asked of the two religious subjects. The results show, beyond dispute, that it is not within the province of the Commission to dictate peculiar treatment in a picture;—not to say to artists, "Make this 'abstract,'" and this the opposite. It is equally clear, too, that the Commissioners cannot be judges of what is a good subject for painting. This is the artist's own particular business: and even if they could, they ought not to dictate to the artist, who cannot be supposed to take up another's idea with the feeling and vigour that he would his own. All the six subjects selected in the present case are questionable subjects for pictorial treatment:—two, if not three, positively unfit. It does not follow that, because the events are important in History, they will make good pictures. Justice Gascoigne and Prince Henry, and the Knighting of the Black Prince, are cases in point. No picture could possibly tell either event *precisely*. How is it possible to make out Prince Henry's offence,—a most essential feature in his degradation?—how to tell all the circumstances of the Black Prince's knighthood? Even the Baptism of Ethelbert can but be the picture of the baptism of a king. How is it possible to tell about the advent of St. Augustine?—and without doing this, the subject loses its prime feature. If the present cartoons are not satisfactory, the first cause of their being so, as it seems to me, rests on the Commissioners themselves. No one, I think, will deny, that the chances of having better cartoons would have been infinitely greater if the artists had selected their own subjects. It would have been quite within the province of the Commissioners to say to the artists, "Give us six cartoons illustrative of Religion, Justice, and Chivalry, suitable for the House of Lords. Make all the other arrangements among yourselves." We are now reaping the fruits of the mistake of over-meddling. The artists chosen would have done wisely had they firmly rejected the terms under which the commissions were given. The result proves that they ought to have done so. They have done their best, and failed. Let both parties learn wisdom. This was mistake the first.

The next was, directing six artists of opposite styles and feeling in art to decorate one and the same room. You foretold the probable incongruity, and your prophecy has been fulfilled with a vengeance. Any six designs less suitable to be hung together it would be hard indeed to conceive. For this result the Commissioners only are to blame. Now, it is said, they are sensible of their mistake, and are about to employ Mr. Dyce to execute all these subjects; at least, it is pretty certain he has been commissioned to paint his one design. This, if true, is over hasty in the other direction. Mr. Dyce had the luck of possessing, perhaps, the best of the six subjects, and, barring some anachronisms in his design, he has done a creditable work; but does it follow that he will succeed with the other bad subjects better than his colleagues, or that they would not have chanced to have made as

good a Baptism of King Ethelbert as he? Is not Mr. Macclise's cartoon of Chivalry as powerful and as original as Mr. Dyce's Baptism? Would Mr. Dyce have done more than Mr. Cope with the Knight-hood? The logic is not quite right. Then, some of Mr. Dyce's colleagues, with Messrs. Herbert, Severn and Fennell, are to have some other rooms; Mr. Macclise is said to have refused—others are remonstrating and restless, as well they may be. If these facts turn out as rumour states them, bad are the chances for the successful decoration of the Houses. If Mr. Severn be chosen, why did he not receive one of the last prizes?

There is another feature worthy of notice in Mr. Dyce's success. He did not appear in the first competition, he sent two heads merely in the second, little conclusive by themselves of his powers at a cartoon, and he must, therefore, have received a commission chiefly on the strength of his reputation. Does not this fact open the eyes of the Commissioners to the conviction, that competition alone did not produce the most approved talent? and does it not suggest for consideration whether the best talent which the country possesses has yet appeared in this matter? It certainly has not, I may say boldly, without pronouncing half a dozen artists' names. Will the Commissioners, then, be content with that talent only which offers itself at their own peculiar mode of asking for it? Will they not invite, in some way, the artists professionally the most competent to help them in their decorative expedition?

The present is perhaps not inopportune to say a word or two to those artists who are likely to be employed, by way of caution against anachronisms in their treatment of historical subjects. Mr. Dyce's Baptism of Ethelbert is a series of anachronisms. Imagine a Saxon king of the sixth century baptized beneath Norman arches of the twelfth century, and out of a Norman font, with a shell! I should like to see Mr. Dyce's authority for the use of a font at all in the sixth century—a font, too, ready-made, as it must have been, for the royal baptism! Mr. Dyce should have known better than to have borrowed the "open-heart" Norman moulding for a Saxon building. Mr. Severn's accessories in the same subject, belong at least to the fifteenth century. He uses a letter of painted decorated work eight centuries before the world saw such a thing. Surely Mr. Cope must have known that the Black Prince was a strippling but just sixteen years of age at the battle of Cressy, and not a full grown man at least twenty-four years old? It is not necessary to point out the multitude of like anachronisms which pervade the cartoons of the unsuccessful competitors. Many display a woeful ignorance, especially of architecture.

C. H.

[Though our Correspondent ably corroborates our own argument, we cannot admit the force of what he urges against such subjects as Justice Gascoigne and Prince Henry, and the Knighting of the Black Prince, being ill chosen, because "no picture can tell either event *precisely*." Why, no picture can tell any event precisely, nor is it necessary that it should do so. In the historical illustrations of our Houses of Parliament, it must be assumed that Englishmen are acquainted with their own history, and the painter has only to *recall* its great events—in fact, to refresh the memory. In this point of view we admit that anachronisms become doubly mischievous,—and we thank him for directing attention to that point.]

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Of the single prints now to be spoken of, but one can claim attention as a first-class work of art.—This is Mr. Geller's mezzotint engraving of the 'Ecce Homo,' by Andreas da Solarto (to adopt the style and title given us in the engraving). We are not now, for the first time, to praise the engraver; still less his original: and, as this is not the place for a disquisition on the peculiar characteristics of the Divine Personage as rendered by the great Italians,—such brief announcement as the above will be admitted to imply the honour due.

From this noble work, we must turn to minor matters: the other single prints before us being simply portraits. One of these is a very fine head of a distinguished man—John Dalton—painted and engraved by Mr. Stephenson, and engraved in that scale and style which has been too largely neglected of latter

days. Perhaps the artist has not sufficiently studied the point at which boldness ends and coarseness begins—his touch seems to us, in some degree, a caricature of Mr. Engleheart's; which is sufficiently decided, as all lovers of line-engraving know. Mr. Ward's transcript of Mr. Brigstocke's full-length of *Major-General Nott*, a clever version of a manly portrait, brings us back into the domain of mezzotint.

And now room for something more delicate—for *The British Ladies of the Court of Queen Victoria*, a "bevy of fair women," in our poor judgment, at least as fascinating as those who gave such a charm to the court of the Merry Monarch! Will the shade of the Jennings or the Stuart or 'la blanche Whinnell' (sic in Grammont), protest against our praise in the face of Lady Blantyre—or, its neighbour, The Honourable Jane Lady Dering?—We know not.—Nor have Mr. Richmond and Mr. Say been unworthy to paint, nor Mr. Ryall and Mr. Edwards unfitted to engrave their resemblances. Then it is pleasant to see that acute and accurate genealogist Sir Harris Nicolas, setting himself to "talk pedigree" concerning these fair and noble gentlewomen: so that the book, besides having its charms as a drawing-room ornament, will possess also a reliable value as contribution to a History of the Nobility of Great Britain. "Churl must he be"—to quote *Master Wildrake*—"who would gainsay" this.

M. Baugnet has lengthened his list of clever artistic portraits by a very speaking lithograph of the *Messrs. Distin*, Sax-horns in hand.

Thanks to painters, panorama-makers, and their assistant the lithographer, foreign travel is, in some sort, rendered superfluous, at the moment when it is made the most easy. Here Messrs. Bartlett and Bourne devote a handsome folio to *Comparative Views of the Situation and Extent of Ancient and Modern Jerusalem*: a work, the title of which explains itself, and prepares us for a mingling of conjecture and reality which shall appeal at once to the poet and the matter-of-fact stickler for things as they are. For poet he must be, we submit, who can accept the best of these restorations of ancient cities as other than visions: the connecting links, on which so large a portion of the effect lies, having to be supplied by imagination. This last publication, however, of those devoted to the Holy City, is assuredly not the least interesting. Another work, on a yet more splendid scale, because only in progress—is Messrs. Richardson and Hawkins's *Monastic Ruins of Yorkshire*, of which Part III. lies before us. Nor—meaning no irreverent comparison of associations—has Palestine itself more picturesque antiquities to show than those to which this number is devoted.—St. Mary's Abbey, York—Roche and Rievaulx Abbeys, and Howden Church (the last one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical ruins in the kingdom). The execution of the plates continues to be in the best style.

*Four Views of Cape Town*, by T. W. Bowler, lithographed by Messrs. Day & Haghe, give us, once again, occasion to remark how great is the improvement in the publications of this order. Compare these, for instance, with the raw yellow, green, and lilac coloured aqua-tints which were in vogue some twenty years ago! The subjects are not very attractive—though in the first the flattened crown of Table Mountain, and in the last, the Brodbnag hedge of aloes, give a welcome character to the scenes—yet by an easy use of the pencil, and a judicious distribution of light and shade, they are brought within the circle of agreeable works of art. With these may be mentioned the *Illustrations to Mr. E. J. Wakefield's Adventure in New Zealand*—a series of lithographs from sketches by Mrs. Wickstead and other ladies, and by Mr. C. Heaphy and other gentlemen. Here, the new and peculiar aspects of Nature, and the savage singularity of the aboriginal remains, are more noticeable than the pictorial excellencies of the plates. But we do not recollect a publication, since Mr. Catlin's folio, so richly filled with new and curious matter.

We must now devote a paragraph to notices of works in progress. Mr. Talbot's 'Pencil of Nature' is at its fourth number: a wonderful illustration of modern necromancy. Nos. XXXI. to XXXIV. of *Gaillhabaud's 'Ancient and Modern Architecture'*—a work of equal interest and beauty. No. IV. of the *Examples of Encaustic Tiles* is before us: and

No. X. of Mr. Westwood's valuable and curious *Paleographia Sacra Pictoria*—completing the work. Another interesting publication of the same kind are these *Illuminated Illustrations of the Bible*: now at their sixth part. Mrs. Loudon's *British Wild Flowers* is at its tenth number.—Mr. Westwood's *British Moths and their Transformations* completed, by the publication of the forty-second number. We may further announce another group of publications.—Mr. Knight's *Pictorial Gallery of Arts*, of which Part VI. is before us—his *Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature*, at its twenty-third part—the sixty-ninth of his *Old England*: and the fourteenth of his *Sunday Book*. A last separate word must be reserved for Parts I. II. and III. of Dr. Macgillivray's *Domestic Cattle—Portraits of the principal breeds reared in Great Britain and Ireland*—with portraits painted by Mr. J. Cassie, Jun., and drawn on stone by Mr. Henderson.

### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Since we announced the names of the Directors chosen for 1846, we have been told that Mr. W. S. Bennett has been appointed conductor for the series of concerts. We are heartily glad of any circumstance which brings forward our most distinguished English musician:—the more so, as the present appointment, it is said, implies also the production of a new Symphony by him; but in point of principle, the measure is as curious as can well be: since a change of conductors year by year is only one degree better than night by night. Let us recall the history of the two last seasons. Just when Dr. Mendelssohn's animation and vivacity began to tell on our players, he was annoyed to a degree which made his resuming the Philharmonic baton hardly compatible with self-respect. Now, when M. Moscheles, called in in the middle of an ill-begun season, has in some measure succeeded in vivifying the audience and making an impression on the band,—he, too, is discarded, and a new conductor is to be tried. Unless Mr. Bennett be more acquiescent in deliberation or less strict in rehearsal than either of his predecessors, he will, we fear, share the same fate: for the Directors obviously imagine that the duty of a conductor is but to beat time, and not to have a voice in council or selection; while the orchestra regards every stop as a personal affront, to be resisted and resented by free-born Britons. We, however, earnestly hope that Mr. Bennett will bate no jot of his authority. His position, as a young English musician, will be, we admit, most difficult; but Mr. Bennett can always resign. Let him remember this—let him remember that his character is in his own keeping; and, while he endeavours to humour and conciliate all parties, while he weighs every suggestion with respectful attention and considerate good-humour, let him not yield one point to dictation. If he does, from that moment his authority is gone, and with it all hopes of improvement.

**MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.**—It is said (with what truth we know not) that the lessee-ship of Covent Garden Theatre for the coming winter has fallen into the hands of Mr. Lavenue, who intends to devote himself to Opera,—having some works by himself and by the late Mr. Wade to bring forward. The difficulty, we imagine, will lie in collecting a company and an orchestra. Other whispers hint a possibility of the management being resumed by Madame Vestris; whose true sphere henceforth, we are inclined to think, is direction rather than performance.—Meanwhile, the bills of the Princess's Theatre still announce their new opera,—which, our contemporaries explain, is by Mr. Howard Glover, son of our great comic actress.—In continuation of our notices of the Beethoven Festival, we must mention, that invitations from the Bonn Committee have been sent to Sir George Smart, M. Moscheles, Mr. Neale, and Mr. T. Cooke. When we spoke last week of English representatives, the remark applied to the present state of our executive talent, and not to any presumed backwardness on England's part to do honour to the great composer. The well-merited tribute, by which the Philharmonic Society soothed Beethoven's fears of poverty during his last days, is not forgotten by us. Nor, while chronicling the inauguration of the monument, should we overlook

the concert at Drury Lane, in 1837, and our more recent additions to the subscription-list.

To the notice of the Coblenz festivals in preparation for Her Majesty, may be added, that the attendance of MM. Staudigl and Pischek has been commanded—the latter singer having been expressly “invited” to renounce his engagement at Vienna for that purpose.—At Berlin, an ordinance of the Minister of the Interior has directed the foundation of a Dramatic School; for the purpose of supplying the theatres of that capital with actors, in the various departments of the drama.

The French papers are lamenting the decease of M. Artot, the violinist, who died of consumption, in the twenty-ninth year of his age, at Ville l'Arvay, near Paris, a few days since. He was, perhaps, the most finished and the most elegant of all the Rubini school of players:—one of the handsomest men in our recollection; and much beloved, we are told, among his comrades, for his gentleness and amiability.

The manager of the Italian Opera House at Paris has engaged, for the winter season, Signor Malvezzi, a tenor, Mdlle. Terecina Brambilla, and Signor (formerly *Monsieur*) Derivis, to sing in the ‘Nabucco’ with Ronconi; also Mdlle. Jenny Librandi, as second soprano.

The directors of the *Comédie Française* have brought an action against Mdlle. Plessy, for the breach of her contract—directly assigning a secret engagement with the St. Petersburg theatre as the cause of her flight, and claiming against her, besides the various forfeitures which she has incurred, damages to the amount of 200,000 francs.

### MISCELLANEA

**Paris Academy of Sciences.**—July 21.—M. Arago announced to the Academy the receipt of a communication from M. Philippe Breton, an engineer, on the effect exercised by the sun and moon on weight at the earth's surface. This communication is partly theoretical and partly experimental. The sun and the moon attracting in an unequal manner the entire mass of the earth and of the bodies on its surface, changes periodically the direction and intensity of the weight of those bodies. Hence results the phenomenon of the tides,—a phenomenon the more difficult to be understood on account of the various causes which interfere with the established law of nature on this subject. M. Breton says, that, if we could sufficiently isolate and amplify the perturbatory force of the sun and moon over a body under our own control, that body would constitute a true lunar solar time-piece, having no other motive power than the sun and the moon. M. Breton proposes to illustrate his theory by means of an apparatus of which he gave a description.—M. Gayard communicated to the Academy a letter which he has received from Reykiavik, in Iceland, informing him that for an entire year there had been beautiful weather in that island, and scarcely any winter. The summer of 1844, and as much of the present summer as had passed, have been delightful. The meadows are in the finest possible state, and the fisheries highly productive.—M. Sellier, who is one of the small number of persons who attach no value to the use of lightning-conductors, but, on the contrary, attribute very dangerous results to them, by pretending that they attract the electric fluid to the localities in which they are placed, without carrying it off, writes to the Academy that the only effective prevention is elevated chimneys, such as those of iron-works; which, he says, drive the electric fluid from the neighbourhood in which they are situated.—M. Despret gave an account of some experiments in the compression of liquids.

**Mr. Mitchell, the translator of Aristophanes.**—We learn from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that this distinguished scholar died on the 4th of May last—and we are indebted to the same source for the following memoir of him.—Mr. Mitchell was born in London, on the 30th May, 1783. He was the son of Mr. Alexander Mitchell, a riding-master, in Hamilton-place, Piccadilly, and afterwards in Grosvenor-place. At the age of seven years, Thomas Mitchell was admitted into Christ's Hospital, on the presentation of Martin Fonnereau, Esq. Here he remained under the tuition of the Rev. James Bowyer, and afterwards under

that of the Rev. Dr. Trollope, till October 1802, when he was preferred to Pembroke College, Cambridge, on one of the exhibitions of the Hospital. In the year 1806 he took his degree of B.A., as a senior optime and the first classical medallist. In acknowledgment of this eminence the governors of his school presented him with a silver cup, of the value of thirty guineas. He now naturally looked forward to the obtaining of a fellowship from the college, on which he had conferred so much honour; but in this hope he was disappointed by a novel resolution of the master and fellows, that not more than two students, educated at the same school, should be fellows of the college at the same time; and Mr. Thornton, a member of the *corps diplomatique*, and the Rev. Mr. Wood, afterwards Master, both Christ's Hospital men, were at that time ranked among the fellows of Pembroke. \* \* \* As Mr. Mitchell had determined to devote himself to a scholastic life, this disappointment seemed to overset all his future schemes, until in the year 1808 or 1809 he was enabled by his literary acquirements, to obtain a fellowship at Sidney Sussex College; an acquisition the more honourable, inasmuch as the fellowship was what is termed *open*, or subject to the rivalry of any competitors. Had he entered in due time into holy orders this fellowship would have provided him with part of those resources which he afterwards lived to need, for Mr. Mitchell never married. But conscientious scruples prevented him from becoming a candidate for holy orders; although we can confidently state that this reluctance of Mr. Mitchell arose from an overwhelming fear of the responsibilities attached to the pastoral office, and not to any objection to the doctrines of the Established Church. After a limited term of years he was obliged, by the statutes of the college, to vacate his fellowship. \* \* \* Under these untoward circumstances Mr. Mitchell devoted his learning to private tuition and to the public press. \* \* \* In the year 1810 the writer of this brief memoir had the pleasure of introducing him to Mr. William Gifford; and in 1813 he commenced the series of essays in the *Quarterly Review*, on Aristophanes and Athenian manners, which led to his own translations in verse of the ‘Old Comedians’ which appeared in two volumes, in the years 1820 and 1822. \* \* \* Some of these essays had impressed the patrons of a vacant Greek chair in one of the Scotch universities with so much respect for Mr. Mitchell's classical attainments that they invited him, through a friend, to accept of the situation. It was a lucrative, as well as a most respectable one, and he was a poor man; but he must have signed the Confession of the Scotch Kirk, and to him this was an insurmountable objection. For the last twenty years of his life, Mr. Mitchell resided with his relations, in the county of Oxford, and therefore found it not inconvenient to undertake the occasional task of superintending the publication of the Greek works which issued from time to time from the Clarendon press.” But at length all other literary employment failed him, and he fell into pecuniary difficulties. “His friends now became alarmed for him, and, through the kind intervention of the late Mr. Morritt, of Rokesby, his condition was made known to Sir Robert Peel, who immediately placed at his disposal the sum of 150*l.* from the Royal Bounty Fund, and (what to Mr. Mitchell's feelings was more gratifying than pecuniary aid,) conveyed to him, in a private letter, the expressions of his respect and sympathy. In 1843 Mr. Parker resumed his publication of Sophocles, and Mitchell edited the remaining four plays of that tragedian, with shorter notes than before; and in 1844 he devoted himself to the preparation of a minor edition of a *Pentalogia Aristophanica*, with brief Latin notes, for the use of schools. He had nearly completed this task when death surprised him. He had been long in a weak state of health, but his end was sudden and unexpected. His health had improved with the present year, and he was indulging himself in well-founded hopes that his governmental grant would be renewed in May, and be followed by a permanent pension. Alas! on the 4th day of that month, he had breakfasted as usual with his niece and housekeeper, and adjourned to his study in tolerable health. About four hours afterwards the niece, on entering the room, found some impediment to opening the door. It was caused by his dead body, which had fallen against it.

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The medical man who was summoned was of opinion that life had been extinct at least two hours, from a fit of apoplexy."—*Quarterly Review*.

Mr. William Laidlaw. (From a Correspondent.)—We observe in the Scottish papers the announcement of the death of Mr. William Laidlaw, the affectionate friend and steward of Sir Walter Scott, well known to all who ever visited Abbotsford, for the respect with which he was treated by Sir Walter, —to all who have read Mr. Lockhart's Life of the great novelist, from the affectionate mention of his name on all occasions,—and widely known to all who take an interest in Scottish song, from his beautiful ballad of 'Lucy's Flitting,' printed in the 'Forest Minstrel' of Hogg, in the year 1810. "It is certainly worth mentioning," says Hogg, "for the singularity of the circumstance, as well as for the credit of Scottish rural genius, that the gentleman who wrote this song and the others marked A, never composed another song, or poem of any kind, in his life, farther than the few contained in this volume, which is certainly to be regretted. What might such a fancy, if cultivated, not have accomplished? 'Lucy's Flitting,' in particular, for tender simplicity, has certainly rarely, if ever, been equalled." William Laidlaw was the son of a sheep-farmer at Black-House, Selkirkshire, where William was born, in the month of November, 1780. Laidlaw's father was Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd's master. "In my eighteenth year," says Hogg, "I hired myself to Mr. Laidlaw, of Black-House, with whom I served as a shepherd eighteen years. The kindness of this gentleman to me," he adds, "it would be the utmost ingratitude in me ever to forget; for it, indeed, was more like that of a father than a master." At Black-House there were a number of valuable books: here Hogg became a poet, and here he formed a firm and lasting friendship with William Laidlaw, the son of his master. "My friend, Mr. William Laidlaw," says Hogg, "was the only person who for many years ever pretended to discover the least merit in my essays, either in verse or prose." "A shepherd-boy, he sought no better name,"—Mr. Laidlaw followed the calling of his father, and took first a farm at Traquair, and a second, some time after, at Libberton, near Edinburgh. But fortune did not follow him to Mid-Lothian; and he was on the look-out for a farm with a better soil, and, it is said, at a less rent, when Scott invited him to Abbotsford, in the capacity of a steward. This was in 1817; and Laidlaw at once accepted the offer. His love for Scott was unbounded; and he took greater delight in superintending the little domain of Abbotsford than he would have done in the princely possessions of Buccleuch. "He surveyed," says Mr. Lockhart, "with glistening eyes the humble cottage in which his friend proposed to lodge him, his wife and his children, and said to himself that he should write no more sad songs on *Forest Flittings*." "Without affectation," says Scott, "I consider myself the obliged party in this matter—or, at any rate, it is a mutual benefit, and you shall have grass for a cow, and so forth, whatever you want. I am sure when you are so near I shall find some literary labour for you that will make ends meet." Scott found full employment for Laidlaw. He wrote and strung things together for the 'Edinburgh Annual Register,' and, when Sir Walter was too unwell to write, put on paper some of the Waverley Novels, from the lips of Sir Walter. When Scott saw 'Ivanhoe' performed at Paris, he records in his journal how strange it seemed to him to hear recited in a foreign tongue, and for the amusement of a strange people, anything like the words which in an agony of pain with spasms in his stomach he had dictated at Abbotsford to William Laidlaw. When Scott's affairs became hopelessly involved, Laidlaw was removed from Kaeiside for a time, and at Scott's death altogether from the estate he had watched over with so much pride and care. He was temporarily employed after this by the noble family of Sanforth, and subsequently became factor on the estate of Sir Charles Ross, of Balmagowan, Ross-shire, but his health failing him he went to live with his brother James, a sheep-farmer, at Contin, in the county of Ross, where he died on the 18th of May last, in his sixty-fifth year. He was a man of considerable attainments, good taste, of modesty and simplicity, and a stout Whig, much to the amusement at times of Scott. He is not known to have left

behind him any record of the conversations at Abbotsford. This is to be regretted, for his memory was tenacious, his opportunities abundant, his observation quick, and from the description which he wrote for his friend Allan Cunningham, of a visit which he made to Hogg in company with Wilkie, he would appear to have possessed the art of recording such things, freely, fairly, and unaffectedly—telling what he knew and no more. We subjoin his song of—

#### Lucy's Flitting.

'Twas when the wan leaf frae the birch-tree was fa'in,  
And Martinus dowie had wound up the year,  
That Lucy row'd up her wee kist w' her n' in't,  
And left her auld maister and neebours sae dear.  
For Lucy had served t' the glen a' the simmer;  
She cam there afore the flower-blum on the pen;  
An orphan was she, and they had been guid till her,  
Sure that was the thing brocht the tear to her ee.  
She gae'd by the stable where Jamie was stannin';  
Richt sair was his kind heart, the flittin to see:  
'Fare ye weel, Lucy!' quoth Jamie, and ran in;  
'The gatherin' tears trickled frae his ee.  
As down the burn-side she gaed slow w' her flittin',  
'Fare ye weel, Lucy!' was ilka bird's sang;  
She heard the crow sayin', high on the tree sittin',  
And Robin was chirpin' the brown leaves amang.  
'Oh, what is't that pits my pur heart in a flutter?  
And what gars the tears come sae fast to my ee?  
If I wassa deird to be ony better,  
Then what gars me wish ony better to be?  
I'm just like a lammie that loses its mither:  
Nae mither or friend the pur lammie can see;  
I fear I hae tint my pur heart a'thegither,  
Nae wonder the tear fa's sae fast frae my ee.  
Wi' the rest o' my claes I hae row'd up the ribbon,  
The bonny blue ribbon that Jamie gae me;  
Yestreen, when he gae me't, and saw I was sabb'in',  
I'll never forget the wee blink o' his ee.  
Though now he said naething but 'Fare ye weel, Lucy!'  
It made me I neither could speak, hear, nor see:  
He could nae say mair but just, 'Fare ye weel, Lucy!'  
Yet that I will mind till the day that I dee.  
The lamb likes the gowan w' dew when it drookit;  
The hare likes the brake and the braid on the lea;  
But Lucy likes Jamie;—she turn'd and she lookit,  
She thoct the dear place she wad never mair see.  
Ah, weel may young Jamie gang dowie and cheerless!  
And weel may he greet on the bank o' the burn!  
For bonnie sweet Lucy, sae gentle and peerless,  
Lies cold in her grave, and will never return!

The last eight lines were added, we have been told, by Hogg.

*Memoir of Lord Lyttelton.*—In a review published in your paper on the 'Memoirs, &c. of Lord Lyttelton,' after asserting "my anxiety to represent my subject in the light most agreeable to the Lytteltons, and most favourable to the public," you add, "we may with safety infer that such documents only have been used as were most likely to promote this twofold object." My attention has been called to this passage, and to another where the same assertion is yet more offensively repeated. It must have been with great pain, that any honest journalist admitted into his pages a charge of such foul dishonesty against a person who, I hope and believe, lies for the first time under such an imputation, especially as that charge did not pretend to have better evidence than suspicion. You will therefore rejoice to learn, that the assertion is wholly false. Every document calculated to throw the least light on the character of Lord Lyttelton,—every document which did not relate to the most private affairs of his family, has been published, not less by my desire than by that of the present owner of the MSS., who made only one stipulation with me when I undertook the task, viz. that every letter of the slightest public interest should be published. You will be glad, I am sure, to be made acquainted with the entire falsity of this grave accusation against my character, and to give the same publicity in your columns to this letter that you have given, perhaps rather hastily, to the unfounded accusation.

I am, &c. ROBERT PHILLIMORE.

42, Chorges-street, July 28th.

However indignant Mr. Phillimore may feel at the mere suspicion of being thought capable of allowing his judgment to be blinded by the feelings inseparable from his position, we cannot retract the charge. The prominent characteristics of his book,—the delight with which he expatiates on every thing favourable to the noble author; the resentment with which he notices everything like disparagement of his hero; the pains which he takes to soften the severity of censure when he cannot wholly deny its justice; his exaggerated praise of works and passages which at best are merely tolerable; and his blindness to the defects which so forcibly strike other men, abundantly confirm the truth of that charge. It is mere morbid vanity that exaggerates our general and even gentle criticism into charges of "foul dishonesty," and so forth. If Mr. Phillimore were anything more than a "Late Student of Christchurch," he would not be so fierce because a critic was of opinion that his judgment had not resisted the influences which assailed it. Is he superior to humanity? Can

he be surprised if courtesy, kindness, familiar intercourse, friendship on the part of those who naturally wish to see their ancestor represented in the most favourable light to the world, should be suspected to have had some weight with him? When such causes are at work, we generally look through the same spectacles as the persons with whom we are connected. Amongst his Christchurch studies a Student might remember to have heard, that in all ages, the sage, the saint, and the philosopher have regarded the knowledge and control of ourselves,—the *γνῶσις σεαυτοῦ*, as the most important, and, at the same time, the most difficult of attainments. But what is that to me? says Mr. Phillimore, "I do know myself. I can clearly see the operation of the most secret principle within me. I watch the movements of sensation and thought in all their endless and (to other men) inscrutable ramifications. I do more: I restrain, or give freedom to impulses and reflections according as they are hostile to or congruous with what Dr. Whewell calls 'the Supreme Rule of Human Action.' To this perfect wisdom and arbitrary control of self I have attained. If other biographers, personally acquainted with their subjects, or the families of those subjects, have not acquired this impossibility of soul to social influences,—what is that to me? I have raised myself above the atmosphere of human passion, where fear and favour, love and dislike, friendship and enmity, pleasure and anger have ceased to affect me. I am imperturbable. Such men as Dr. Johnson, indeed, were open to these influences. Did I not say that the Doctor's Life was "tinged with personal dislike," probably because of "the refusal which his plan for writing the Life of Lord Lyttelton met with from the family,—but it is 'wholly false'—an 'entire falsity'—to say that the 'one advantage I had—denied to preceding biographers—that of an unrestrained access to the MSS. at Hagley,—was nearly counterbalanced by another circumstance, the friendly intimacy between me and the present Lord.'"

*The Percy Society.*—There is a mystery in and about this Society which perhaps you will obligingly help to solve. I learn from the Annual Report, just received, that "at the close of the fourth year the Society had been run into arrears, chiefly arising from the publication, during that year, of a quantity of matter considerably beyond that which its funds could consistently bear;" and this statement is made, it is said, "in order to explain why the quantity of matter given to the members during the present year has been less." Now, the expense of publication depends not only on quantity of matter, but on the number of copies, and this, be it observed, is regulated, or ought to be, by the number of members; therefore before I could test the value of this explanation, a little calculation was necessary. Judge then of my surprise when, in attempting to solve this mystery, I found, according to the List printed and circulated with *this very Report*, that the names are given of 371 members, each of course paying £1 annually, according to the laws of the Society. Yet, on reference to the balance sheet, the Treasurer only acknowledges to have received for the year 1901, in explanation, I suppose, of this astounding contradiction, a note is added by the Auditors, setting forth that "the Treasurer has reported to us that there remain un-received a number of subscriptions for the past year, which he confidently expects will soon be paid." But by the laws of the Society, and of every other like society, whoever does not pay his subscription within a limited and very short period, ceases to be a member. Well indeed may the funds of the Society be exhausted, if copies be printed for 371 members, while only 191 pay their subscriptions. Will you then have the goodness to inform me what number of copies are printed, what number of copies are distributed, and what number remain on hand. These data are required to enable me to test the proceedings of the Committee.—I am, &c.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST.

[We cannot answer these questions, and, curious as it may appear, we cannot obtain even a clue to the mystery from the publications of the Society, the last half-dozen of which we have turned over for the express purpose. Our Correspondent had better apply to Mr. T. Wright, the treasurer, or Mr. Crofton Croker or Mr. Blackford, the auditors, or Mr. Halliwell, or Mr. Pettigrew, or some other member of the Committee. As to the quantity of matter delivered to the subscribers, this is of little consequence; for as the most considerate of critics, the *Gentleman's Magazine*, lately observed, the quality is such, that the publications are not worth even the trouble of sending for them.]

*Ballooning.*—While Mr. Green,—that "veteran aeronaut," as we find his title stereotyped,—is "running" his balloon regularly between Cremorne House and sky-land, and carrying up the lieges by dozens,—some in the car, and others on the hoop, like sq

many insides and outsides, as unconcerned, according to the reports, as if the roads, of which their coachman "knows every inch" were all macadamized or paved with wood, instead of ether,—the fate of a Turkish aeronaut is creating great anxiety and alarm in Constantinople. Comaschi went up in his balloon, from Haïdar-Pacha; and several days after the ascent no tidings of him had been obtained,—though Government had sent couriers upwards of fifty leagues along the roads leading in the directions to which the wind could have wafted his floating carriage, in hopes of coming upon his track. At the moment of sending off the dispatches which include this intelligence, a report had reached Constantinople that the balloon with the dead body of Comaschi, had been found floating in the Danube.

*The River Wear on Fire.*—The singular appearance of the surface of the river Wear, immediately above and below Framwellgate Bridge, in this city, when unruffled by the wind, at which time it appears to be in a state of ebullition occasioned by numerous streams of air bubbles issuing from below, was noticed in this journal some weeks ago. The circumstance, however, was not regarded with much attention until last week, when a gentleman of this neighbourhood (Mr. Wharton, of Dryburn) having accidentally observed an unusual agitation of the water, was induced to take particular notice of one of the principal jets of air, and finding its position the same on three successive days, was led to the conclusion that it must flow from some fissure under the bed of the river, and would prove to be an escape of the light carburetted hydrogen gas generated in such fearful abundance in the coal and other strata of this district. A boat having been moored alongside the jet of air, and its inflammable nature fully ascertained by the application of a lighted taper, a large inverted funnel, furnished with a pipe of requisite length, was fixed over the supposed fissure, and all the gas issuing from it thus collected and conveyed into a small open bottomed tin reservoir or gasometer floating on the surface, and provided with a burner and glass chimney. The gas could now be ignited at pleasure, and the supply was found to be sufficiently abundant to produce a large and brilliant jet of flame, arising, as it were, from the bosom of the old "river of Wear;" a strange and extraordinary spectacle, which has already collected many hundreds of spectators curious to see *the river on fire*. The stream of gas appropriated to the above experiment is one only of a great many others which occupy an area of from 50 to 100 square yards of water—and which must together discharge very many gallons of gas per minute. When the air is perfectly calm, large bubbles, formed by the ascent of the gas to the surface, and readily taking fire on contact with a lighted candle, mark the limits of the principal cluster of gas jets above the bridge—two others of smaller dimensions are observable below, and a still smaller one at some distance above the bridge, each of them being marked by the presence of numerous air-bubbles whenever the surface of the water is smooth. They are all situated nearly in a straight line, crossing the river diagonally under the bridge in a NNE. and SSW. direction. The distance of the extreme clusters, being upwards of 100 yards, furnishes a strong presumption that the source of this extraordinary discharge of gas is situated at a great depth below the bed of the river, and (if we may indulge in conjecture as yet unsupported by actual knowledge of facts) that it finds its way up the fissures of some "trouble," fault, or dislocation, of the strata from some of the lowest beds of coal or shale reposing below. No coal workings are known to exist within several hundred yards of the bridge, nor are there any within the distance of two miles which are sufficiently deep to have become instrumental to the appearance of this curious phenomenon. It must, therefore, in all probability be traced to one of those extensive natural accumulations of gas lurking in the fissures and pores of the strata far below the surface of the ground, which, when tapped by the operations and fired by the candles of the miner, have been the frequent causes of those dreadful explosions, of one of which the workings of Haswell Colliery bore such awful testimony last year.—*Durham Advertiser*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Z.—J. W.—J. P.—S. W. H.—P. B.—received.

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